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MARCH 12, 1973

SPECIAL SECTION

TIME



EUROPE

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On stage, Dr. Nat Eek, Director. Left to right, students Marsha Garvey and Mark Twomey; Mr. Mike Buchwald, Costume Designer; student Michele Giebner.

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Blue Cross

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Mr. Schwartz and Mr. Lush are widely separated by geography, professions and interests. But both shared one great experience and its many, many benefits.

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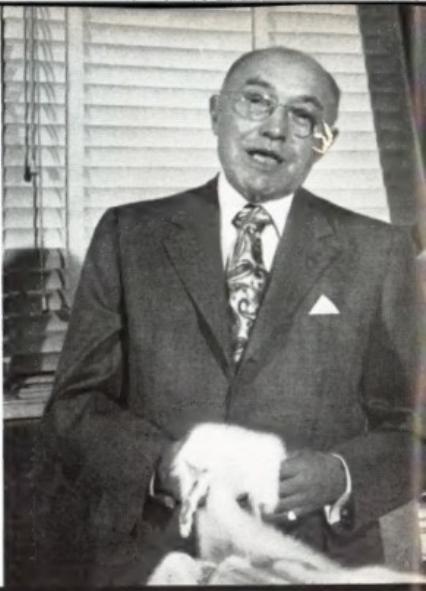
because both took the Dale Carnegie Course

"There is more to modern farming," says Mr. Lush, "than just working outdoors. It takes planning, decision-making and working well with others. These are skills that were brought out and developed by my Dale Carnegie training. Through the Course, I gained greater understanding of how others feel and I can communicate better with them. It also aided me in organizing my thinking, making clear-cut decisions with complete confidence, and getting more work done in less time. As a result of the Course, I get along better with people. I consider it time well spent."

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Walter S. Schwartz is President of Fredrica, Inc., international couturier of fine furs. He is past president of the Associated Fur Manufacturers and has served on its board for many years. Mr. Schwartz lives in New York City and his favorite pastime is horseback riding.

Fred Lush is a wheat farmer in Albin, Wyoming. He is a member of the National Association of Wheat Growers and holds the office of State Overseer in the Wyoming State Grange. His favorite relaxation is to get away for a few days of lake or stream fishing although sometimes he combines business and pleasure on his occasional trips to Washington, D.C.



LETTERS

Senator Robin Hood

Sir / Thank goodness that we Americans have a modern-day Robin Hood Congressman patrolling the Administration's activities [Feb. 19]. Wouldn't the founders of the Constitution marvel at the integrity of Senator Sam Ervin, in his bold quest to keep the Administration honest? I'm glad to see a conservative Senator call the President down. Maybe people will pay a little more attention, instead of just writing it off as another radical maneuver to defame the Administration. With the support of the people and other congressional colleagues, maybe Senator Ervin can reinstate the Constitution's concept of checks and balances.

MATT NORRIS CRAWFORD
Boone, N.C.

The P.O.W.s

Sir / Surely there is not a dry eye left in the country. The return of the P.O.W.s is a fantastically moving event.

They are without doubt the men of the Year now and for all time.

(MRS.) MAUDIE ANN PLUTA
Eric, Pa.

Sir / Is nothing sacred? Apple pie went out with calories, motherhood has been limited, and in this sacred moment as we honor our P.O.W.s you desecrate and belittle them. "They had obeyed orders, dealt in death and presumably understood the odds and consequences." Let me be counted with those who view this devotion to duty with heartfelt thanks; for they have preserved the very freedom of this country so that you may publicly print insults the very first week they are free.

JANE A. VAN PEET
Alexandria, Va.

Sir / As an ex-grant, I feel a certain churlishness about the solicitous attention the returning P.O.W.s are receiving. It seems to me that the draftees who faced the war 24 hours every day on the ground are deserving of somewhat more than a veto of the VA hospital appropriations bill and a dismal employment rate. Why were we sneaked back into our society? So our country can more easily forget the crimes we committed in its name?

SAM RUMPE
New York City

The New Rip

Sir / Stefan Kanfer's Essay, "The Return: A New Rip Van Winkle" [Feb. 19] was a deeply penetrating and moving emotional experience. It may have served as a guide to the new America for the P.O.W., but it also forced me to wonder what and where "home" really is in this country.

RYAN ROSS
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Sir / Living in America, we don't realize all the changes that take place. Mr. Kanfer summed up four or more years in two pages, and did the best job of it I have ever seen.

MARYBETH CACCIA
Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Reconstruction

Sir / Anyone who thinks that the American people will happily spend billions of dollars developing our recent enemy North

Viet Nam [Feb. 26] or any other part of Southeast Asia when the rebuilding is needed here at home had better think again.

HENRY M. BISSELL
Los Angeles

Sir / I get tired of hearing the wails regarding North Viet Nam reconstruction—even while we are still getting our P.O.W.s. Two billion dollars, about \$10 per person, is cheap to get us out of a lost war.

ELIZABETH H. MCARTHUR
Chicago

Beneficial Crime

Sir / In your story "Crime—The Irregular Economy" [Feb. 19], Lisle C. Carter, a Cornell sociologist, notes that ghetto crime is a source of investment resource, and he warns against moving too fast in rooting out crime in the ghetto.

He is really mean that narcotics traffic, muggings, rapes, and car theft are economically beneficial to this community. Perhaps he is historically minded and has noted that many of our white predecessors made their fortunes through outright theft and murder and similarly "moral" means became national leaders.

Is this the glory of free enterprise?

Is this the American ideal?

RONALD A. TULL
New York City

The Heat Is On

Sir / It is about time that the blame for an energy shortage ceases to be dumped on environmentalists [Feb. 12].

Perhaps after a winter of cold buildings and exorbitant fuel prices, we will have the sense to give priority to the formation of a national energy program. Research into new energy sources as well as the development of safer and more efficient methods of handling oil is needed now. Lifting foreign oil quotas will not solve the energy crises of 1993.

EILEEN HOTTE
New Brunswick, N.J.

Sir / Why don't the American people stop blaming environmentalists, oil companies and lobbyists for the recent fuel crisis? We can only look to ourselves for blame. How many unnecessary trips are taken in the auto? How many heating systems and light bulbs are burning for no reason?

INGRID HARTLEY
Cortez, Colo.

Amnesty

Sir / I suggest that there be a vote by all of the returning prisoners of war to decide whether to grant amnesty to the expatriates. Certainly, the freed prisoners will vote to free another set of prisoners, caught in a different set of impossible circumstances.

JOHN MAGGI
Lieutenant, U.S.N.
Pearl Harbor, Hawaii

Equal Rights

Sir / How sad that one wealthy woman can sabotage the Equal Rights Amendment, the cherished ideal of so many working women [Feb. 19].

Please tell that confused conservative



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...and is.

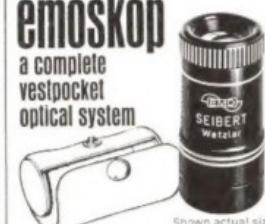
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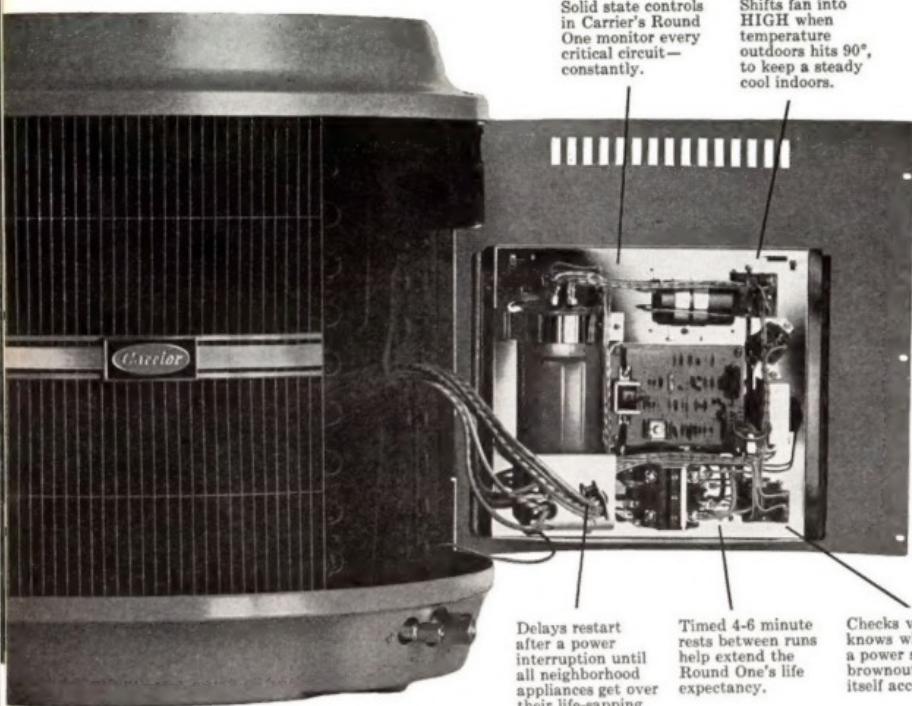
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LETTERS



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that there are millions of U.S. women who are heads of households and who are daily discriminated against as we go forth to work. Most of us must compete against heavy odds until we pass on to a realm of fewer biases.

LILLIAN ROUNTREE
Denver

Sir / Go home. Phyllis Schlafly! Who is washing and cooking and cleaning for your husband? Who is taking care of your six children?

(MRS.) MARY LOU WELZ
Rochester

Urban Schools

Sir / Your article about the inner-city schools of Detroit and Philadelphia [Feb. 19] was the most depressing thing I've read since *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*. And some say this is the greatest country on earth! They must be either kidding or totally blind. Yet who is to blame? Much of the responsibility must be placed on our leadership in the White House, past and present, and on our Government, which spends billions on testing and perfecting new weapons that can never possibly be used. And then we're surprised at the crime rate in this country!

KARIN STEELE
Stockton, Calif.

Sir / When both parents and students feel that education is making substantial contributions to the lives of American youth, the problems of the schools will be solved. It is hard to convince parents that they ought to pay taxes to support an absurd institution—just as hard is it to convince students that they ought to behave sensibly while there.

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An Inflatable Lizard

You'll also learn about such rarely seen Canyon denizens as a solar pink rattlesnake...the chuckwalla lizard that protects himself by crawling into a narrow crevice and inflating himself until he can't be taken for a moth. You'll learn about locoweed that intoxicates or kills animals that eat it...and the mescal plant, which lives for 10 to 30 years, preparing to bloom just once in a spectacular display.

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A drawing published in 1975 shows the rescue of Major J. W. Powell, an early Canyon explorer who became trapped on a cliff. Rescue was complicated by the fact that Powell had only one arm.

The beautiful cacomistle, which inhabits clefts in the Canyon walls. Friendily and playful, this raccoon-like animal has been known to befriend prospectors and other lonely folk in the West.



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LETTERS

just as they did in 1900; neither today's society nor the society of the future can support such institutions.

S. R. PHILLIPS
Supervisor, Secondary Education
Syracuse

Acey-Deucey

Sir / Prince Obolensky is overlooking a pool of highly experienced and talented backgammon players in not hiring retired U.S. Navymen to accompany *Playboy* bunnies and teach backgammon to "the masses" [Feb. 19]. The Navy's variation of backgammon, acey-deucey, is played extensively on board ships at sea by crusty senior petty officers and chief petty officers. They've even been known to wager "small sums" on the game's outcome.

A.J. CAMPBELL
Lewisville, Texas

Sir / You failed to mention that backgammon has been the most popular game in Middle Eastern countries, from Greece to Iran, for many centuries, and it is not considered the game of the snob. It is a common sight to see people of all walks of life sitting at street corners playing the game.

Back in 1954 in a little Syrian town called Kessab, another youth and I set the world record of games played for one set (normally a set is three to five games). We played a 1,000-game set, which lasted 15 days with up to eight hours off a day for eating and sleeping.

KRIKOR HAKIMIAN
Whittier, Calif.

Gun Control

Sir / While it is a tragedy that Senator Stennis was shot [Feb. 12], that is no reason for yet another clarion call for gun control. The same gun control that would supposedly remove guns from the hands of criminals would actually only take guns from honest citizens who, like Senator Stennis, are all too often at the mercy of criminals.

JOE D. ARMSTRONG
Guthrie, Texas

Sir / The fact that so many of us ordinary citizens and extraordinary policemen are murdered every week is still not enough to prod Congress into passing some kind of meaningful gun-control law. Limit them, remove them, tax hell out of them, confiscate them—but do something. Personally I'm afraid of a gun, and I like to think that this attitude shows common sense.

S. DWIGHT HARMAN
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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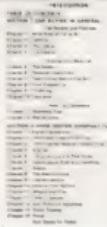
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Terror for Diplomats

Sitting next to the wife of Yitzhak Rabin, the Israeli Ambassador to the U.S., Richard Nixon was commenting one night last week on the fact that diplomatic assignments, once so greatly sought after, have now become dangerous in many areas of the world. Indeed they have. The next day, the newly appointed U.S. Ambassador to the Sudan, Cleo A. Noel Jr., and the outgoing chargé d'affaires, George C. Moore, as well as a Belgian diplomat were murdered by Arab terrorists (see WORLD). Noel thus became the second U.S. ambassador to be killed by terrorists in less than five years. In 1968, John Gordon Mein was slain in Guatemala while trying to escape from kidnapers.

Other such dramas have occurred recently, including the 1970 murder of the West German ambassador, Count Karl von Spreti, by Guatemalan guerrillas. Over the past five years, eight U.S. diplomats and embassy officials have been involved in kidnaping incidents. In January, Ambassador to Haiti Clinton Knox and Consul Ward Christensen were seized at gunpoint and released only after the Haitian government paid a ransom of \$70,000 and freed twelve political prisoners.

Tragically for the men involved, such kidnapings carry their own catch-22: the more governments give in to save the victims, the more frequent they become. Ceding to blackmail demands, Nixon insisted last week, was unthinkable. The threat, he said harshly but realistically, was "a risk that an ambassador has to take."

CONNALLY & FRIEND AT WHITE HOUSE



What's in a Name?...

American politics once belonged exclusively to the *Mayflower* Mafia—men with names like Washington, Franklin and Hamilton. But over the past half-century, Capitol Hill has been successfully overrun by ethnics and immigrants of every flag and stripe. So much so that it becomes harder every year to pronounce the names of Senators and Representatives. Taking note of that fact, *Congressional Quarterly* last week published its own phonetic guide to the hardest names on the hill.

The guide runs from James Abouraskz. (*Ab-ur-esk*), Democratic Senator from South Dakota, to John Zwach (rhymes with clock), Republican Representative from Minnesota. In between are Schneebeli (*Shne-blee*), Republican Representative from Pennsylvania, and Kluczynski (*Kloo-chin-skee*), Democratic Representative from Illinois. Especially rich-sounding are the Gs in the House. Among them: Gaydos (*Gay-duss*), Pennsylvania Democrat; Giaimo (*Gy-moe*), Connecticut Democrat; Gubser (*Goo-ber*), Republican from California; and Gude (*Goo-dee*), Republican from Maryland. The only office that has remained impervious to the phonetic assault is, of course, the presidency itself. But Spiro Agnew is withstanding the shouting distance.

...Or in a Party?

If Agnew's voice does not ultimately prevail in 1976, it may well be because Republican ears are more finely attuned to the Texas drawl of Democrat John Bowden Connally. Any day now, his intimates insist, Big John will throw his other long leg over the fence into the Republican corral—formally switching parties as a necessary step toward the Republican presidential nomination. Connally believes that he has been encouraged in his decision by Nixon. For weeks the President has been privately promoting the former Treasury Secretary as his possible successor. Through the alchemy of Connally's ambition, that tentative push has apparently been interpreted as a definite shove.

A respected conservative Washington newsletter, *The Right Report*, quotes conservative leaders to the effect that "Connally can win," while expressing reservations about Vice President Agnew's chances against a tough Democrat.

The question is how Connally will jockey for the best position. Possibilities seem to include a fourth term as Gov-



DELEGATES TO 13-PARTY INTERNATIONAL

ernor of Texas, this time as a Republican, or an appointment as Secretary of State if Nixon can find another spot for William Rogers.

Will a switch really hurt Connally? Traditionally, party jumpers have not done well in U.S. politics. The last man to try it and run for President was John Lindsay. He did run last year, didn't he? But of course Big John from Texas is a lot tougher, richer and more resourceful than Big John from New York.

Sex and the Mortgage

Stocks and bonds, yes, but birth control pills as collateral for a loan? Almost. A year ago, Martin Lewicke, a Navy petty officer second class, sought a mortgage to buy a \$27,000 house in Arlington, Va. He knew that his \$7,660 pay was not sufficient leverage, but he figured that his wife's \$11,000-a-year job as a magazine editor would qualify them for the loan. Leon Graybill of the Floyd E. Davis Mortgage Corp. agreed, but how, he wanted to know, could he feel confident that Carol Lewicke would not get pregnant, leave her job and default on the payments?

Graybill recalls that he only wanted ed a note saying that the couple was practicing birth control—known in the field as a "baby letter" or "Pill letter." But Mrs. Lewicke figured that he wanted even more. She wrote a letter saying that she did not want to have any children, that she would have an abortion if she got pregnant, and that her husband would have a vasectomy if the loan company so wished. Once the loan was secured, she set about to rid the mortgage business of the common demand for baby letters. Independently, three national women's groups have taken up the cause and have filed a complaint with the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp. The question it poses: Must some women mortgage the cradle to get the homestead?



CONFERENCE ASSEMBLE IN PARIS TO HELP GUARANTEE THE KEEPING OF THE PEACE SETTLEMENT IN VIET NAM

CEASE-FIRE

After a Mini-Crisis, a Modest Forward Step

It was a most unlikely assemblage of foreign ministers under the glittering chandeliers of Paris' Hotel Majestic. Russia's Andrei Gromyko showed his distress at having to sit next to South Viet Nam's Tran Van Lam, who, in turn, frowned at the Viet Cong's Madame Nguyen Thi Binh. China's Chi Peng-fei avoided even looking toward Gromyko, but chatted congenially with William Rogers, who affably courted both Chi and Gromyko. But despite all of the sensitivities and animosities around the huge circular table—and after a brief crisis that threatened to scuttle the entire Viet Nam settlement—a 13-party international conference moved the tenuous Viet Nam peace another notch ahead last week.

With no great enthusiasm, the dozen foreign ministers solemnly signed the

Act of Paris,* a compromise document that will help bring international pressure upon the combatants to live up to the Paris peace settlement, which had been signed in the same room one month earlier. The pact provides a channel for handling violations of the cease-fire when—and if—they are reported by the four-nation (Canada, Hungary, Poland and Indonesia) International Commission of Control and Supervision. The ICCS, or any one of its members, will report violations to the four original combatants.
*Besides Rogers of the U.S., Gromyko of the USSR, Chi of China, Lam of South Viet Nam, Binh of the Viet Cong and Sharp of Canada, the others were North Viet Nam's Nguyen Duy Trinh, France's Maurice Schumann, Britain's Alec Douglas-Home, Indonesia's Adam Malik, Poland's Stefan Olszowski and Hungary's Janos Peter. The U.N.'s Kurt Waldheim was present but did not sign the pact.

TWO G.I.s (CENTER & RIGHT) HELP COMMUNIST OFFICERS AGAINST HUÉ MOB



South Viet Nam, North Viet Nam and Viet Cong—who must relay copies to the other international conference members. There is no agreement on what will be done about any transgressions, though the U.S. and North Viet Nam could then jointly ask for a new international conference to take up that question. Alternatively, any six members could demand such a meeting.

While a smiling Rogers declared that "I am satisfied—entirely satisfied," the agreement falls short of U.S. hopes for stronger cease-fire guarantees and a firmer commitment toward achieving peace in Laos and Cambodia. One of the most disappointed was Canada's Mitchell Sharp, who had urged that some "standing authority," such as the United Nations, be empowered to act on cease-fire violations. He said that Canada, long frustrated by its participation in the International Control Commission that was supposed to police the 1954 Geneva agreement on Indochina, will decide within 30 days whether to pull out of the new ICCS.

Apart from Viet Nam, the conference was significant as the highest-level meeting among officials of China, Russia and the U.S. Since President Nixon made his visits to both Peking and Moscow. The triangular ballet was performed with finesse. Gromyko and Chi confronted each other only once. When the South Vietnamese fought for a provision recognizing the Saigon government as the only legitimate regime in the South, Gromyko sharply opposed it, while Chi remained silent. Gromyko later stalked over to Chi and asked "Did your silence mean support of the South Vietnamese?" Chi stared at Gro-

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myko with disdain, then turned his back. The provision was rejected.

The conference—and the whole peace agreement—had been in jeopardy earlier in the week, when Hanoi announced that it would not release more U.S. prisoners until it was assured of an end to violence against its representatives on the Joint Military Commission in South Viet Nam. In retaliation, the U.S. then stopped its troop withdrawal and pulled its mine-clearing ships out of Haiphong harbor. Rogers met first with the North Vietnamese, South Vietnamese and Viet Cong, then with the North Vietnamese alone. At the same time, both the Chinese and Soviet representatives applied pressure to Hanoi's delegation—and suddenly, the P.O.W. release was back on schedule. Hanoi officials and the Viet Cong released the names of 136 Americans who, they said, would be turned over to U.S. military representatives early this week in Hanoi. In another private meeting between the Viet Cong and South Vietnamese, Saigon's representatives promised better protection for the Communist truce watchers. Yet Hanoi did not seem reassured, and at week's end the Communists withdrew their JMC field teams from Hué and Danang. They were flown in U.S. aircraft to Saigon, thus further delaying the already tardy truce supervision process.

Tanks. Hanoi's complaints had some validity. Crowds of up to 4,000 South Vietnamese have assailed the Hanoi delegates at both Hué and Danang, throwing rocks and injuring six delegates. "If Saigon wants to stop these things, it can stop them," declared one high U.S. official. The Communist military representatives are mainly confined behind barbed wire and high fences in primitive compounds.

Both Vietnamese sides launched a numbers campaign, charging massive violations of the cease-fire by the other. The Communists claimed Saigon forces had committed 24,000 violations and had lobbed precisely 12,523 shells in Quang Tri Province. Saigon claimed 5,540 Communist violations since the agreement was signed. More seriously, the State Department revealed U.S. intelligence estimates of a new Communist troop build-up along the Laotian border, including the southward movement of tanks, and the setting up of SA-2 antiaircraft batteries at Khe Sanh.

There still was no effective cease-fire throughout South Viet Nam, as each side continued to jockey for advantage before the supervisory machinery becomes fully operational. While some Communist forces seemed to be getting in position for a larger, but limited attack, such action did not appear imminent. Hanoi is not expected to do anything to slow the U.S. troop withdrawal, which is timed to coincide with the prisoner release. Just what might happen after all U.S. prisoners and troops are out remains a murky—and potentially momentous—matter.

P.O.W.S

The Saintly and the Sadists

A FRAID of jeopardizing the release of the remaining prisoners in Viet Nam, the recently returned P.O.W.s have said little about their ordeal. But a few have revealed enough to give an idea of what they suffered.

Navy Captain James A. Mulligan was imprisoned for seven years. Last week in an interview with TIME Correspondent Arthur White, he would describe only his final year (at the "Hanoi Hilton"), when conditions had much improved. He shared a small, heatless room with two other P.O.W.s; a connecting room housed another three. Food was far from ample: a breakfast of French bread with either milk or sugar; a lunch of soup with a morsel of



CAPTAIN JAMES MULLIGAN IN ILLINOIS

fish or vegetable; and an equally light supper. The only excitement was listening to "Hanoi Hannah," a local propagandist, blaring out of loudspeakers.

On Sundays, a group of P.O.W.s held an improvised church service enlivened with patriotic songs as well as hymns. Religion was a strong bond among these prisoners. One of their major projects was to reconstruct a Bible from memory, anyone who could recall biblical passages contributed. Said Air Force Major Norman McDaniel, who has been praised as a "Gibraltar of guts": "Most of my fellow prisoners had faith in God. When the going got tough, then came the test to see if we were worthy."

For diversion, the P.O.W.s conducted what they called "special activities." One of them would narrate an episode from his life or discuss a skill he had learned or a person he had known. Recalls Mulligan: "I described the textile mills in Lawrence, Mass., where I grew up, the political picture there, the school system, everything I could remember."

Spirits soared when Hanoi was bombed in December. "It was spectacular," says Mulligan. "We saw explosions and realized they were working hard to wind things up. I knew the war



RICHARD UTECHT IN FORT BRAGG HOSPITAL



COLONEL RISNER AT "HANOI HILTON"

would end when the B-52s came. I said it was just a matter of time and I'd be going home." He is bitter about Anti-war Protesters Jane Fonda and Ramsey Clark who visited Hanoi. "They didn't help us; they hurt us."

Air Force Colonel James Robinson Risner echoed that complaint: "Communist morale went up and down along with the amount of protests and anti-war movement back in the States. Beyond any doubt, those people kept



Douglas Ramsey upon release

us in prison an extra year or two."

Two civilians who worked for the Agency for International Development, Richard Utecht and Douglas Ramsey, were willing to discuss their imprisonment by the Viet Cong in South Vietnam, painting a far grimmer picture than Mulligan's. Utecht, 48, recalled his five-year ordeal with little rancor. He told TIME Correspondent Peter Range that he was seized in Saigon by the Viet Cong during the Tet offensive. For the rest of his captivity, he was marched more than a thousand miles around an area northwest of Saigon—a Viet Cong tactic to avoid being discovered.

When camp was pitched for any length of time, each P.O.W. was locked up in an 8-ft.-by-8-ft. cell constructed of green logs. The prisoners did not eat much worse than their captors; rice for every meal supplemented by the meat of anything that ran or crawled—snake, dog, tiger, rat, anteater. A delicacy was elephant blood soup. "Jungle meat can be real good," says Utecht. "One day I tried to cut into a ball of meat. It was suddenly spread out, forming a hand. It was a monkey's hand. Yes, I ate it."

When he was first imprisoned, Utecht was threatened with death, but later his captors were not often deliberately cruel. Hardest to bear were the forced marches at night. Whatever the Viet Cong could not load on bicycles ("They looked like camels with wheels"), they packed on the backs of prisoners. Once Utecht collapsed from pain and exhaustion. A guard threw a rope around his neck and forced him to walk along until he passed out. Luckily, a Viet Cong doctor stayed behind to help him the rest of the way to camp.

One day the Viet Cong took a few shots at a U.S. plane as it passed over a village. An hour and a half later, U.S. jets swooped down to strafe and bomb, hitting some villagers. After the raid, townspeople menaced the prisoners with clubs and pitchforks. "They would have killed us if the guards had not stopped them. I saw women holding little children saturated with blood."

Disease—dysentery, malaria, beriberi—was always a threat. Guards insisted that prisoners put down their mosquito netting at night. Occasionally P.O.W.s received injections—with painfully dull needles—of quinine and vitamins. Three weeks before their re-

lease, rations were doubled and the P.O.W.s were given straw mats for bedding; Utecht sensed that his imprisonment would soon end. As a souvenir, he smuggled out a leg chain that was used to shackle prisoners.

Douglas Ramsey, 38, was delivering rice to refugees in Hau Nghia province when the Viet Cong grabbed him. The guerrillas, he recalls, turned out to be "almost friendly." As he traveled with them, he noticed that they seemed to know to the minute when the routine of enemy artillery firing would begin and when it would end. After one ambush, Ramsey estimated that they exaggerated the casualties four or five to one in reports to their superiors.

Beri-Beri. Once he was shifted to rear echelon forces, he was treated more harshly. "At one point, I was told that if I had a nightmare and cried out once more in my sleep they would shoot me." The behavior of his captors varied considerably. "The range went from the saintly to something out of the Marquis de Sade. Some I would invite into my own home. Others I would like to take back of the woodshed and only one of us would return." There was the doctor who saved his life when he went into convulsions after bouts with malaria and beri-beri. There was also the guard who scattered peanuts among chickens when protein was desperately needed by the P.O.W.s.

Kept in solitary confinement for six of his seven years' imprisonment, and often locked in leg irons, Ramsey was subjected to frequent indoctrination. He supplied some antiwar statements but they were too ambivalent to be printed or broadcast for propaganda purposes. The opposition that he expressed to the war, he believes, was within "my Constitutional prerogatives as an individual. When I got out, I discovered that the Administration had made many of the changes I was concerned about: the movement from the atmosphere of the Crusades to that of the Congress of Vienna, from religious fanaticism to Metternich." In keeping with the sober realism of many of the P.O.W.s, he makes no claims for himself beyond those of common sense. "I do not particularly care for retroactive heroism."

VETERANS

Forgotten Warriors?

Veterans of World War II returned to a grateful, generous country that was about to embark on an unprecedented quarter-century of prosperity. Korean War veterans cashed in on much the same rising curve of material benefits. Viet Nam vets, by contrast, are the dubious beneficiaries of the nation's immediate troubled past and uneasy future.

Unsun, disproportionately poor and poorly educated, G.I.s have been drifting back from Viet Nam to face unenthusiastic employers and—in the vets'

view—sometimes unsympathetic officials of the Veterans Administration. Now the nearly 3,000,000 Vietnameses seem to be facing an ungenerous Nixon Administration, which is bent on making budget cuts at what veterans believe to be their expense.

The gathering protest broke in Washington last week, as the Senate and House veterans' committees discussed the future of benefits. At issue was the Nixon 1974 budget, which proposes a \$277 million cut for the VA. The reduction seems small compared with the overall estimated VA outlays of \$11.7 billion, but considering that the VA's obligations have never been greater, the trimming hurts. Said James Mayer, president of the National Association of Collegiate Veterans: "The budget cuts have started, and the veterans are beginning to suffer."

Viet Nam veterans have been suffering for a long time—if only by comparison. The ex-servicemen of World War II got tuition paid in full at even the best private colleges plus a "subsistence allowance" of \$50 a month for a veteran without dependents, which was adequate in the late 1940s. Veterans on today's G.I. Bill collect only \$220 a month, which is enough to cover tuition at most state universities, but leaves little or nothing for living expenses.

Veterans complain that a lack of schooling and training programs have placed them near the end of the line when it comes to jobs. The least fortunate are the hard-drug addicts, who have returned home to a country that is not prepared to take care of them. According to the VA, there may be as many as 100,000 such heroin users.

Precisely how—or even if—the Administration's proposed cuts will further disadvantage the veterans is still un-

VIETVET AT MANHATTAN VA HOSPITAL



clear. Last month the VA proposed to reduce the payments to some 225,000 physically disabled veterans who have been out of service less than 20 years—predominantly the victims of Indochina's land mines and booby traps. Though the plan also would have increased payments for psychological disabilities on the grounds that they are more of an impairment to employment, the idea met with such outrage that President Nixon shelved it, at least temporarily. The Administration also fired Olinay B. Owen, the VA executive who had prepared the original draft, although Owen had done so under strong pressure from Nixon's Office of Management and Budget. Last week Nixon Administration officials said that the idea of restructuring the disability benefits had not been dropped, but was still under "intensive review."

Wisely. American Legion spokesmen who appeared before congressional committees were equally concerned with proposed cuts in medical funds. Legion Commander Joe L. Matthews pointed out that the daily patient load for VA hospitals is to be cut by 5,500 patients to 80,000. Other veterans' spokesmen argued that medical facilities are already inadequate.

The Nixon Administration's position is that veterans of all wars are being adequately cared for and that the VA program needs tightening. VA Chief Donald Johnson, a World War II infantry sergeant and past national commander of the American Legion, claims that the proposed changes are intended to create administrative efficiencies and bring benefits into line with realities. He argues, for example, that new prosthetics and the decreasing importance of jobs in manual labor have made amputations less of a disability—hence the lower payments proposed for physically handicapped veterans. The cuts, says Johnson, "just reflect our ability to spend prudently and wisely."

The Administration can hardly be faulted for trying to contain VA costs, which have increased 100% over the past eight years, largely from the Viet Nam War. The argument, rather, should focus more on priorities. Many veterans charge that the VA has become a bureaucratic fiefdom, intent on protecting and expanding the benefits of its largest and loudest constituency—the veterans of both world wars and Korea. Veterans' lobby groups also tend to favor older men. Lobbying has concentrated on increasing the already staggeringly expensive (\$4.3 billion this year) military retirement plans, which benefit career servicemen.

More of those lobbying efforts and more funds might better be spent on younger men just home from a bitter war. The needs of the several hundred returning prisoners of war will clearly be taken care of, but it is highly questionable whether the several million other Viet Nam veterans will be looked after in a similar spirit.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDEY

Your Best Friends Won't Tell You

ONE of the oddities of these times is that the U.S. seems able to get along better with Communist dictators than with the governments of free nations. The meetings with the high men of Peking, Moscow and Hanoi are more frequent and appear to be more candid and intimate than some with the leaders of Canada, France or Germany. In some instances over the past months there has appeared to be more camaraderie and humor between Communists and the U.S. representatives than has existed lately between the diplomats of this nation and the democratic societies of Europe and Asia.

So it was last week that the undercover mutterings of Japan came out into the open. The Japanese feel left out and uninformed. While Henry Kissinger has paid three visits to Japan, Richard Nixon has yet to go. Kissinger's latest Asian swing included three days (19 hours of meetings) in Hanoi and four days (21½ hours of meetings) in Peking, but he stopped in Japan for only a day (2½ hours of meetings), and it seemed almost like an afterthought.

In most of the capitals of Europe as well there are continuing complaints about never being sure just what President Nixon is planning to do next with Russia or China, although certainly Russia and China know. And small countries like Israel and South Korea, whose very lives depend on this nation, have set up spy networks in Washington to try to learn what is on the minds of Nixon and Kissinger.

There are some good reasons, of course, for the U.S. Government's behavior. First, the diplomatic action right now is with the Communist nations. Hence the meetings and all those handshakes and smiles. Also, the character of Japan has for the moment stymied this country's top statesmen. Japan has not yet conceived a complete global policy. Thus those marvelous philosophical evenings mulling over the condition and future of civilization, which Kissinger found so warming in Peking, cannot be had in Tokyo. When Washington's international planners have turned to Europe, they have found up until fairly recently a collection of individual states mostly preoccupied with their internal problems and their relations with immediate neighbors—and not all that interested in global strategies.

For all of that, the White House seems in the grip of a secrecy syndrome that was thought to be found only in the Kremlin. In this respect, we seem to have become more like the Communists than they have become like us, which is not the way that some people thought it should work.

A few days ago Kissinger guardedly reported on his Asian conferences, and his concern about letting the news out was apparent. When asked what he had told the Japanese, he chuckled. "Three days after leaving Tokyo there can be almost nothing left to reveal that is not already in the Japanese press." Well, maybe that is bad, but maybe not. There are some people left who believe that this is the way a free society should work.

At that same briefing, Kissinger was asked if he could say something about what he and Mao Tse-tung had talked over. He paused. "I am debating whether to spend ten minutes saying 'No,' or just say 'No.' Then he spent 45 seconds saying 'No.' While most people can understand the need for confidentiality in such discussions, is there not room in this age for a little public glimpse at conversations by either Nixon or Kissinger with a man whom just a few years ago we were calling an international murderer?

The Soviets did not cancel the Moscow summit when we bombed Hanoi and mined the Haiphong harbor in May. Are we to believe that the generation of peace would collapse if we learned a little of what Nixon and Brezhnev talked about when they took a hydrofoil ride on the Moscow River last spring?

John Kennedy had a good thought back in 1961 when things were a little tougher with the Communists. He came back from his meeting in Vienna with Nikita Khrushchev, and he talked at length with his diplomatic officers, even with the press. At one of these meetings, after telling about the bitter confrontation between himself and Khrushchev, he paused and asked his audience, "If we put this out, will it jeopardize future relations with the Soviet Union? Does Khrushchev understand how democracies work?" Kennedy then answered his own question. "If he doesn't, maybe it is time he learned."





EDWARD NIXON



JOHN MITCHELL & MAURICE STANS WITH WIVES AT G.O.P. FUND-RAISING DINNER



ROBERT VESCO

INVESTIGATIONS

More Questionable Campaign Cash

FIRST ITT, then Watergate—and now Vesco. Last week officials of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President (C.R.P.) admitted that it had received \$200,000 in cash from the business executive most prominently involved in what a member of the Securities and Exchange Commission calls "one of the largest securities frauds ever perpetrated." In pretrial papers filed in a New York federal court, the commission contended that Vesco gave the cash "in an attempt to influence the commission's investigation."

The donation was made by Robert L. Vesco, 37, a shrewd international financial operator. He had bought control of Bernard Cornfeld's International Overseas Services mutual-fund complex early in 1971 and then, according to the SEC civil suit, led 41 other defendants in "looting" \$224 million from four IOS funds. The case is intriguing in view of Vesco's connections. As an administrative assistant in his business, Vesco employed Donald Nixon, 26, a nephew of the President. Vesco's lawyers were able to enlist the help of one of the President's brothers, Edward Nixon, in arranging the campaign contribution and the aid of former Attorney General John Mitchell in determining the status of Vesco's legal difficulties with both Swiss and U.S. authorities.

While some of the circumstances surrounding the Vesco contribution are in sharp dispute, there is no argument over the chronology.

MAY 25, 1971. The fact that the SEC was investigating Vesco's IOS financial shenanigans became a matter of wide public knowledge when a federal judge in New Jersey dismissed Vesco's suit attempting to block the SEC probe.

NOV. 31, 1971. Harry L. Sears, head of Nixon's re-election campaign in New Jersey and a director of International

Controls Corp., which Vesco dominates, telephoned Mitchell, then Attorney General, to get U.S. Government help for Vesco. He had been jailed in Geneva on complaint of a former IOS sales manager, alleging improper business conduct, fraud and attempted embezzlement. Mitchell personally phoned the U.S. embassy in Berne. Vesco was released on bail the next day.

FEB. 1972. Daniel Hofgren, a vice chairman of the Nixon campaign finance committee, met a Vesco business associate, Gilbert R.J. Straube, on a transatlantic airliner and suggested that Vesco might contribute to the campaign, as he had done in 1968.

MARCH 1972. Sears called Mitchell again to solicit help in setting up a meeting with officials at SEC to discuss their investigation of Vesco. The meeting was held May 11. It was attended by Sears, William J. Casey, who was then SEC chairman, and G. Bradford Cook, who is the newly named SEC chairman.

APRIL 7, 1972. A campaign contributions law went into effect, requiring the reporting of any donation over \$100, including identity of the donor.

APRIL 10, 1972. Laurence B. Richardson Jr., a former president of Vesco's International Controls, and Sears flew to Washington with a briefcase containing \$200,000 in cash. They delivered it to Maurice Stans, chairman of the Nixon campaign finance committee. The money was deposited in Stans' safe. This is the same safe from which large amounts of money were disbursed to G. Gordon Liddy, who was convicted of conspiracy and wiretapping in the bugging of Democratic National Committee headquarters at the Watergate.

NOV. 27, 1972. The SEC filed a spectacular civil suit against Vesco and others involved with IOS. It charged misappropriation of IOS money and asked

that IOS mutual funds and International Controls be placed in receivership for protection of investors.

JAN. 26, 1973. The Washington Star-News reported that \$200,000 may have been contributed to the Nixon campaign by Vesco.

JAN. 31, 1973. A lawyer for the Nixon finance committee wrote to Vesco, noting "it has come to our attention" that Vesco was under investigation by the SEC and that therefore "we believe it is in your best interest, as well as ours, that the contributions be returned." Both the \$200,000 unreported cash donation and another \$50,000, given by checks and properly reported, were then returned to Vesco.

Many of these facts were cited in a 371-page deposition taken from Sears by SEC attorneys for the Vesco trial, which is scheduled to begin this week in New York. Nobody has yet denied that these events took place.

Three major questions, however, are much in dispute. Was Mitchell's intervention with Swiss and SEC authorities a routine service for a political associate the and Sears had known each other since the 1968 Nixon campaign? or an application of special pressure? Did officials of the C.R.P. or Vesco suggest that the \$200,000 be given in cash? Was the committee legally obligated to report the cash donation?

Mitchell told reporters last week that he had phoned the U.S. embassy in Berne because Sears was a friend and had made the request. While such a request normally would go through the State Department, Mitchell said, "it's not unusual for a call like that to come to Justice." There is no indication that Mitchell's call hastened Vesco's release from jail. Yet neither the U.S. officials in Berne nor Vesco could have taken Mitchell's role all that lightly. Vesco, according to the deposition, sent Sears two gift checks totaling \$15,000 after Mitchell's help, calling the money "a way of saying thank you."

As for setting up the SEC meeting,

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Mitchell called that "a normal process where people were complaining about the Government and putting them in touch with the head of the department." He said that the SEC investigation of Vesco was, at that stage, "not a very important thing." Ex-Chairman Casey disagrees, calling it "a big case with a very broad investigative background."

While Stans refused to talk to newsmen, the Nixon finance committee claimed in a release that "at no time during the campaign did [Stans] suggest to any contributor that a contribution be made in cash." The committee contended that it was Vesco who wanted to avoid paying by check. Yet Sears' deposition claims that Vesco expressed "some trepidation" about making a cash donation and wanted to check the Nixon committee again to make sure that cash was what it wanted. Sears testified that Edward Nixon, who made numerous speeches in the re-election campaign, was summoned to Vesco's International Controls headquarters in Fairfield, N.J. Vesco, again according to the deposition, told Sears that Nixon made a phone call to Washington and confirmed that, yes, cash was wanted.

Deadline. A spokesman for the C.R.P. contends that the donation was not reported because all arrangements for its delivery had been made a few days before the April 7 deadline, and that only a sudden change of schedule by Stans made delivery before that date impractical. Yet Fred Thompson, deputy director of the Office of Federal Elections, a division of the General Accounting Office that is investigating the failure to report the gift, called it "an apparent violation of the statute."

It will be up to Nixon's Justice Department to determine whether his committee will be prosecuted for its handling of the Vesco money. The Justice Department may also try to determine whether the money came from Vesco's private funds or whether, as some reports indicated, from a bank in either Luxembourg or the Bahamas that is controlled by a Vesco corporation. The latter would be a possible double violation because no campaign committee is allowed to accept money from either a corporation or a foreign source.

Whatever the legal findings, there is no doubt that C.R.P. officials were aware of Vesco's SEC troubles at the time that they decided to accept his contribution. Through a C.R.P. spokesman, Stans conceded that he had read about the SEC probe early in 1972 and had consulted Mitchell about accepting the money. But since no charges had been filed then against Vesco, they saw "no reason" not to take the gift. Asked why the Nixon committee took two months after the SEC suit was filed against Vesco to return the money, C.R.P. Spokesman DeVan Shumway conceded: "I don't have a good logical explanation. Indeed, federal authorities were searching for many weeks ahead."

THE FBI

A Full Court Press

Citing reasons why he thought that L. Patrick Gray III would be an excellent director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Attorney General Richard Kleindienst said: "He's a real patriot and a dedicated anti-Communist." Moreover, added Kleindienst, "he's loyal to President Nixon."

But what the Senate Judiciary Committee wanted to know was whether Gray, like J. Edgar Hoover before him, would guard against partisan political tampering with the FBI. Last week the committee opened hearings on Gray's nomination. In two wearying days of testimony, Gray, wearing an American flag pin in his lapel, sought to convince

No. said Gray. He did make some 16 speeches during the height of Nixon's campaign, but his theme was simply that "America is a great and good land." Why did he not question more thoroughly the White House aides who might have been involved in the Watergate bugging incident? Gray replied: "When you are working in close with the office of the presidency, the presumption is one of regularity."

Nevertheless, Gray maintained that he had ordered a "full court press with no holds barred" investigation on Watergate. He even offered to let every Senator examine all the FBI documents gathered in the Watergate probe. If they take up the offer, they may learn quite a bit, including more about E. Howard Hunt, who pleaded guilty to conspiracy in the Watergate case. According to Justice Department officials, interviews and reports by FBI agents on the Watergate case show, among other things, the following:

► White House records listed Presidential Counsel Charles Colson as Hunt's "supervisor" from June 1971 through March 1972, at least four months after Hunt had begun to recruit other wire tappers involved in the Watergate conspiracy. The records also show that Colson's secretary initiated Hunt's pay vouchers. Colson has denied "knowledge or involvement" in the Watergate bugging and has given sworn testimony that he did not see much of Hunt beyond August 1971.

► Presidential aides were involved in moving Hunt from his White House job as a \$100-a-day consultant on a narcotics-control program to a post with President Nixon's re-election committee. The FBI files contain a report of a memo dated March 30, 1972, from White House Aide W. Richard Howard to White House Aide Bruce Kehrl. The report described Hunt as "very effective for us" and sought to shift him to the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. The Watergate-trial evidence showed that while Hunt was working with the committee he was also with the group that tapped Democratic headquarters.

► The Robert R. Mullen Co., a Washington public relations firm, hired Hunt as a \$125-a-day consultant on an Office of Education publicity project "Howard worked here during the day," a Mullen official told TIME. "He told us that he was working nights and weekends at the White House." Mullen has been doing various jobs for the CIA ever since the firm arranged propaganda broadcasts to Cuba as part of the Bay of Pigs invasion. When the FBI started to look into Hunt's links with the company after the Watergate arrests, CIA officials visited Gray and told him that the firm was used on occasion for CIA purposes. This disclosure, according to a Justice Department official, "had the effect of legitimizing Mullen" and putting severe limits on the FBI's investigation of Hunt's employer.



ACTING FBI DIRECTOR L. PATRICK GRAY
A political workout.

the committee that his personal loyalties to his longtime friend, President Nixon, would not interfere with his even-handed guidance of the FBI. Said Gray: "I am not a partisan guy." But the committee's vote was still uncertain, and the hearings were to continue.

Under questioning, Gray did not convincingly refute the report in TIME a week ago that the FBI, under Hoover and later under himself as acting director, had tapped the phones of six or seven Washington newsmen. He said that he had checked all records of authorized security taps and had found no orders or indications that any such taps had been placed. He also questioned a Justice Department information officer and got a negative response. Asked Senator Edward Kennedy: "That is the sole extent of your investigation?"

Other key questions: Did Gray give campaign speeches for the President?

PROTEST

Raid at Wounded Knee

The first reports out of Wounded Knee, S. Dak., suggested that history had been hijacked by a band of revisionists armed with a time machine.

The tiny junction settlement (pop. 40) is the site of the infamous massacre of some 300 old men, women and children of the Sioux nation by the U.S. Cavalry in the winter of 1890. It was overrun one night last week by roughly 200 armed members of the American Indian Movement (AIM), a militant group best known for its week-long occupation of the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington last November. Thus a drama began to unwind at Wounded Knee, deep in an area where there is open tension between mostly impoverished Indians and whites.

Death. The protesters set up headquarters in a Roman Catholic church and ransacked a trading post. They took eleven hostages, all Indian residents of Wounded Knee, which lies inside the Oglala Sioux Pine Ridge Reservation, a 1½ million-acre stretch of honey-colored hills. The Indians put up roadblocks around Wounded Knee in the early hours of the takeover before a contingent of U.S. marshals in turquoise jumpsuits formed a cordon about the area. Some of the people curious and foolhardy enough to wander near the stronghold were met by spurts of gunfire from the hefty Sioux arsenal. AIM Leader Russell Means, an Oglala Sioux who comes from Cleveland, announced to newsmen: "We've got the whole Wounded Knee valley, and we definitely are going to hold it until death do us part."

Two days later, while rental cars full of reporters and film crews swooshed back and forth in the dust, a helicopter arrived with Senators George McGovern and James Abourezk of South Dakota, accompanied by aides to Senators J. William Fulbright and Edward Kennedy. Shortly before their appearance, the hostages, including one man with a serious heart condition, had been told that they were free to go. All were unharmed and remained—apparently by choice—in Wounded Knee. The two Senators then met at length with AIM spokesmen to discuss grievances.

They demanded an immediate investigation of the sluggish BIA and of past Indian treaties with the U.S. Government. The protesters also made a large point of calling for the ouster of the Pine Ridge tribal council president, Dick Wilson. In large part, the takeover reflected civil strife—a power struggle between two competing Indian factions. Facing off at Wounded Knee were moderates, led by Wilson, and the AIM activists, mostly Indians from outside the reservation, led by Russell Means.

Over the past year, AIM supporters have gone into a number of communities in South Dakota and Nebraska,

seeking to investigate charges of discrimination against Indians. In early 1972, AIM forced an investigation into the seemingly casual killing in Gordon, Neb., of a 51-year-old Sioux, Raymond Yellow Thunder, by a group of whites. (The whites are now out on bond.) Negotiating in several other communities, AIM won some promises of improved conditions and at least the beginning of dialogue with usually unfriendly whites. On the other hand, a month ago, in Custer, S. Dak., AIM's tough tactics left a violent trail—the local Chamber of Commerce gutted by fire and at least 37 Indians arrested. This kind of periodic outburst infuriates many Indians, who condemn the use of violence. One obvious reason: possible gains may be canceled out in the backlash from an angry white majority.

Last November, the tribal council at Pine Ridge voted to condemn the occupation of the Bureau of Indian Affairs building. A tribal court order enjoined Means and another AIM leader, Severt Young Bear, from assembling in Pine Ridge. In turn, AIM tried unsuccessfully to persuade the council to impeach Wilson, charging him with corruption. Dorothy Richards, secretary to the tribal court at Pine Ridge, explains: "Sioux are free-thinking people, but AIM demands total obedience. So we don't have too many AIM people here. Most of the ones in Pine Ridge are outsiders, and we hate people coming in from the outside telling us what to do." What support there is for AIM on the reservation is based largely on hostility to the power held by mixed bloods, of which Council President Wilson is the most prominent. A plump, older woman named White Feather, for example, wants the present council thrown out and replaced by full bloods. Referring to Wilson, she complains that "all the jobs here are held by his relatives, and it's us that need the jobs. He controls everything."

Late last week, there were reports that hundreds of AIM supporters were heading toward Wounded Knee from five states. Indians and lawmen traded shots for the first time since the takeover. No one was injured, but the flare-up strained a tense situation.

A group of lawyers arrived to help seek a peaceful settlement and counsel the Indians on federal charges that could be filed against them. At week's end the AIM party was still holed up and the questions remained: How much had been lost? Had anything been gained?



Demonstrators in Seized Area



Members of AIM sift through debris at ransacked trading post
A question of old grievances and emerging power.



VICTIMS OF BLACK SEPTEMBER: GUY EID, CLEO NOEL & GEORGE MOORE

The terrorists wanted nothing less than the release by the U.S. of Sirhan Sirhan, assassin of Robert Kennedy; the release by Jordan of "our leader," Abu Daoud, and 16 "colleagues" who were arrested last month for plotting to overthrow King Hussein's regime; the release by West Germany of two criminals sympathetic to Black September; the release by Israel of all female Palestinian prisoners. If their demands were not met, the terrorists said, they would start executing the hostages one by one, "beginning with the American ambassador."

Two deadlines—7 a.m. and 2 p.m.—passed without any of the nations agreeing to the demands, and without the terrorists making good their threats. Sudanese officials talked endlessly on the phone in the hope that the Black Septembris would eventually back down. At one stage there was a report that Sudan had agreed to provide a plane to fly them and their hostages to the U.S. Nothing came of it. The unpredictable terrorists set another deadline of 8 p.m.

The third deadline passed in eerie silence broken only by the swirling of a sandstorm. Then the phone rang at the U.S. embassy. It was a call from Noel. "Is there any news from the governments involved?" he asked a surprised First Secretary M.A. Sanderson Jr. "They have been contacted," Sanderson replied, adding: "Are we being overheard?" "Affirmative," said Noel. "A high official is arriving from Washington and may be able to do something," said Sanderson. "What time will he arrive?" asked Noel. "He is due in half an hour," replied the First Secretary. "That will be too late," said Noel, and the phone went dead.

Midnight Call. At 9:39 p.m., reported TIME's Joseph Fitchett, who was on the scene, muffled bursts of automatic-weapons fire came from inside the embassy and echoed over the neighborhood. The sandstorm grew fiercer and dogs howled as garbage cans were blown along the streets. A police officer suggested that the terrorists had just been shooting at a light accidentally played on them. But at midnight, a Sudanese official called the U.S. Embassy and confirmed the fears of Mrs. Noel and Mrs. Moore, who had been waiting out the horror together: both their husbands were dead. The Belgian hostage, Eid, was apparently shot at the same time, though he died later.

At week's end, amid worldwide revulsion over the cold-blooded murders, the fate of the other two hostages remained uncertain. Also inside the embassy was the Saudi ambassador's wife, who had insisted on rejoining her husband after their children were safe. The terrorists demanded safe air passage for themselves and their hostages to an unknown destination, but the Sudanese refused to provide a plane. They no longer seemed to be in a bargaining mood, and ordered the killers to surrender.

TERRORISM

The Killers of Khartoum

It was not the usual, formal embassy party, but rather a friendly get-together among off-duty diplomats. As the senior envoy in the Sudanese capital of Khartoum, Saudi Arabian Ambassador Abdallah al Malhous had invited other mission heads to say farewell last Thursday to George Curtis Moore, 47, a popular U.S. Foreign Service officer and first-rate Arabist. After serving as the ranking U.S. diplomat in the Sudan for more than three years, Moore was being replaced by Ambassador Cleo A. Noel Jr., 54, and returning to Washington for reassignment. At around 7 p.m., after Moore had been presented with a silver tray and the guests were starting to leave, the cool Khartoum evening was suddenly shattered with terror.

A pair of Land Rovers screeched up to the front gate of the four-story embassy villa. One rammed a limousine waiting for Noel. Seven men leaped out firing automatic weapons at random. The departing diplomats scurried for cover. "Run, run, run for your life!" shouted the Dutch chargé d'affaires. Some, including the Russian and British ambassadors, managed to escape. The French ambassador got away by scaling a seven-foot garden wall. The Papal Nuncio in Khartoum slipped out a side gate.

But Noel, a career officer in his first ambassadorial post, was nicked in the leg by a bullet and Belgian Charge d'affaires Guy Eid was hit in the foot. They, along with others, were forced back into the embassy. Once they got inside, the terrorists rounded up more diplomats, including the Hungarian and Yugoslav envoys who unsuccessfully tried to hide in the roof garden.

The invaders quickly identified themselves as members of Black September, the Palestinian guerrilla group

that murdered eleven Israelis at the Munich Olympics last summer. Holding a sort of mock court in which the captives were judged according to their country's attitude toward the Palestinian cause, they singled out as hostages the two Americans, Noel and Moore (whom they bound and beat). Belgian Eid, Saudi Host Al Malhous and Jordanian Chargé d'Affaires Adly al Nasser. The choices did not make complete sense. Though the U.S. and Jordan have strongly opposed the Palestinian guerrilla movement, Saudi Arabia has been ambivalent, giving financial support to both Jordan and the terrorists. As for Eid, it seemed he was mistaken by his captors for a Jew; in fact, his forebears were Egyptian. One diplomat unsuccessfully sought by the commandos was the West German ambassador, who missed the party at the last minute because of another engagement.

With the five hostages chosen, everyone else, including the Saudi ambassador's wife and children, was released. Each freed diplomat was given a mimeographed sheet of paper with a statement of apology to the Saudi government for using its embassy as the scene of the attack, and to Sudan for staging it on Unity Day, a national holiday celebrating the first anniversary of the end of Sudan's 17-year-long civil war.

Sudanese authorities reacted swiftly but cautiously. Police formed a cordon around the embassy but stayed two blocks back for fear of endangering the hostages' lives. President Jaafar Numrey called his Cabinet into emergency session. Assured by the Cabinet that there would be no attempt to storm the embassy, the terrorists allowed a doctor inside to treat the wounds of Noel and Eid. Then came a long string of demands delivered by telephone.

FRANCE

Two Tough Rounds for the Gaullists

THREE was never much doubt that France's legislative elections would be a sharp setback for the party that President Georges Pompidou inherited from Charles de Gaulle four years ago. The question was how much the Gaullists' recent weakness in the public opinion polls would change the National Assembly, which they had controlled for well over a decade. As the voters went to the polls for this week's first-round balloting, there were no clear answers.

Runoff. Though nothing would be certain until next week's second-round runoff, there was a good chance that the Gaullists would hang on to a slim majority, but it was also possible that they would be forced to seek a coalition with the small centrist parties—or even lose control of the Assembly altogether to the first leftist coalition since the Popular Front of the 1930s. Whatever the results, the Gaullists have almost certainly lost the license, which they had exercised for the past 15 years, to speak for all of France.

In this week's voting, no fewer than 3,140 candidates were competing for 490 seats—an average of more than six candidates per district. The full extent of the damage to the commanding 365-seat bloc that the Gaullists and their allies carried into the election will not be known until next week's runoff.¹ But the pre-election opinion polls continued to suggest that Gaullist losses to the left-wing alliance of François Mitterrand's Socialists and Georges Marchais's Communists would be heavy. The final poll, published by *France-Soir*, gave the Socialist-Communist combine and other leftist parties 47 per cent of the electorate. The Gaullists trailed with 36% (as compared with their 46% popular vote in the 1968 elections); the centrist parties, led by Publisher-Politician Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber and Rouen Mayor Jean Lecanuet, took 14%. By one reckoning, the Gaullists were assured of at least 225 seats, but there were no guarantees that they would pick up the 246 needed for a bare majority.

Though it was a crucial election, one that could prove every bit as momentous as the 1969 referendum that toppled De Gaulle, French voters seemed oddly unmoved. As election day approached, some candidates found themselves speaking to nearly empty auditoriums and searching for hands to shake. Touring his home district in the wine country of Burgundy one day last week, Gaullist Minister Jean-Philippe

¹Under the French election law, only candidates who poll an absolute majority of the votes cast and at least 25% of the total registered vote in their district are declared winners in the first round. In districts where there is no first-round winner, a runoff election between the candidate who polled at least 10% of the registered vote in the first election. A simple plurality takes the runoff in case of a tie; the oldest candidate wins.

Lecat, the Pompidou government's official spokesman, drew crowds of two and three voters in some of the 15 towns and villages on his itinerary.

If the voters were unexcited, it was because the party leaders were uninspiring. Socialist Mitterrand, who is engaging in person but a stiff and weary figure on a TV screen, bored French audiences by repeatedly assuring them that the united-left program—nationalization of "strategic industries," banks and insurance companies—is "neither socialism nor Communism" but something he described as "economic democracy." Although many Frenchmen agree with Servan-Schreiber's proposals for decentralizing power within France, few share his sense of urgency about spearheading "a European new deal."

The anti-Gaullists gained some ground with the argument that "France is rich but not the French," as Servan-Schreiber put it last week. He has been pointing out that achievements of the Pompidou years—a strong 6% growth rate, a stable society—have done little to thicken the wallets of ordinary Frenchmen. The two economic proposals that stirred wide interest—an increase in the minimum monthly wage from \$176 to \$215 and retirement at age 60 instead of 65—were claimed by both the centrists and the united left.

Scandal. How to account for France's electoral leftward tilt? A poll taken last December indicated that 47% of those who intended to vote for the united left planned to do so merely to register their dissatisfaction with the Gaullists. Besides the unevenness of the Pompidou prosperity, voters are bothered by the taint of scandal in the upper reaches of the regime and the increasingly *dirigiste* character of Gaullist rule (special security police carrying submachine guns are now a routine sight on campuses and city streets). At the same time, the ranks of voters who remember the triumphs of *le grand Charles* are slowly passing: the age of the average Gaullist voter is over 40.

Pompidou spent last week in virtual seclusion in the Elysée Palace, nursing a stubborn case of the flu, but his surrogates were out in force. They followed the same scare strategy that De Gaulle had practically patented years ago. At a rally in Toulouse last week, Premier Pierre Messmer once again hammered at the "vast disorder and waste" that would follow a united-left victory. Reform, he warned, "cannot be achieved in disorders of the mind, disorders in institutions, in monetary crisis and an eruption of violence."

The Gaullists are pinning their hopes partly on the questionable notion that many voters who planned to vote left in the first round did so merely to frighten the Gaullists, and that they will



PRESIDENT GEORGES POMPIDOU



SOCIALIST FRANÇOIS MITTERAND



CENTRIST JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN-SCHREIBER

vote for the Gaullists in the second round because they themselves are frightened of the Communists. The Gaullists can count on one built-in advantage: gerrymandered districts. These explain why the Gaullists have always been able to return sizable majorities to the Assembly without ever having won more than 50% of the popular vote.

What if the left does win a major-

THE WORLD

ity? Pompidou has hinted strongly that he would refuse to name a Socialist Premier. But a leftist majority would almost certainly reject his own choice, leaving Pompidou the option of dissolving the Assembly and calling new elections. History has shown, however, that the French dislike being asked to vote all over again for the same candidates and usually return their first choice with an even larger majority. If that happened, Pompidou might very well resign, opening the way for a long and possibly tumultuous presidential election campaign. It is a prospect he hopes French voters will consider soberly when they head for the polls for the second time next week.

IRELAND

Fianna Fáil's Fall

The party machinery of the Irish Republic's ruling Fianna Fáil (Soldiers of Destiny) had rarely run more smoothly. In northeast Dublin, its workers delivered scores of voters to polling places in a shuttle of buses. In the Rialto district, they assembled strange processions of the elderly and infirm who looked as if they could scarcely make it to the nearest park bench, much less to the ballot box. There was even a Spanish nun, a fervent supporter of Prime Minister Jack Lynch, who appeared at one Dublin polling place to vote for the local Fianna Fáil candidate. But she was challenged and told she could not vote. "All right," she declared. "If I can't vote for him, I'll pray for him."

Alas, it was all in vain. The night after the election, it was clear that the Fianna Fáil, which has ruled Ireland for 15 of the past 41 years, had been narrowly defeated by a new coalition of the conservative Fine Gael (United Ireland) and the socialist Labor Party. "There is no use playing politics," an exhausted Jack Lynch told the country on television at 2 a.m. "I don't think we are going to form a government."

What went wrong? Lynch, Prime Minister for the past six years, had been certain of victory last month when he suddenly called for a "clear and decisive mandate" to strengthen his hand in dealing with the spreading violence in Northern Ireland (TIME, March 5). The violence itself was hardly an issue at all. To some extent, the voters were obviously influenced by the opposition's critical stand on a wide range of domestic problems: taxes, housing, pensions, living costs.

But in the end the coalition's victory —by a thin but workable margin of about four seats in the 144-member Lower House or Dáil—was probably the result less of specific issues than of a widespread feeling that after 16 straight years the Fianna Fáil had been in office long enough.

The new Prime Minister will be

Liam Cosgrave, 52, leader of the Fine Gael and a Minister in two previous governments. The mild-mannered son of the first head of government of the Irish Free State, Cosgrave, in the words of one independent politician, "has one of the cleanest pairs of hands in Irish politics."

A country gentleman who raises horses for fox hunting on his 30-acre farm outside Dublin, Cosgrave has little of the easy pub manner that Irish voters customarily favor. "Bloody good!" shouted one of his supporters as the returns came in last week. "Isn't that bloody good?" "Yes," replied Cosgrave crisply in his best Clifton Webb manner, a pink flush of pleasure on his face. "This is a good result."

In his dealings with Britain and Northern Ireland, Cosgrave is expected to make no important changes in existing policy. He believes that the Brit-



COSGRAVE & DAUGHTER MARY
"Isn't that bloody good?"

ish government "should recognize that Northern Ireland is a part of Ireland and not part of Britain," but he also believes in moderation.

Conor Cruise O'Brien, a leader of the Labor Party, takes a softer line. Dublin, he says, should patiently assure Ulster's Protestants that "we're not going to try to take you over against your will. Let's talk about unification only when you're ready."

The partners are in full accord on how to deal with the I.R.A., and they have no quarrel with Jack Lynch's decision last fall to jail a handful of I.R.A. extremists. "I've been very strong on the internal security question for years, long before Fianna Fáil was," Cosgrave told TIME Correspondent Jordan Bonfante last week. The coalition's record on the I.R.A., adds O'Brien, is "more thoroughly consistent" than the former government's—meaning that the new regime will be just as tough as Lynch was and maybe tougher.

CHINA

Table-Hopping Chou

China continues its quest for new contacts and alignments throughout the world. Last week, the Chinese welcomed the inaugural flight to Peking by Ethiopian Airlines. TIME's Hong Kong Bureau Chief Roy Rowan was aboard and duly found himself face to face with Premier Chou En-lai at the Great Hall of the People. His report:

After climbing what seemed like an acre of white marble stairs, up a cascading red carpet, we were herded into position on a three-tiered platform erected especially for group portraits with the Premier. Immediately in strode Chou, brisk and businesslike, and very trim in a plain gray tunic with matching gray trousers. A miniature Chairman Mao button pinned to his tunic gave the only dash of color to his outfit. The guests applauded the Premier, and Chou, still unsmiling, clapped in return. Floodlights snapped on and the official photographer cranked off three exposures. Then everybody trailed after the Premier as he entered the Great Hall of the People for the banquet.

For the next hour and a half Chou table-hopped. Through an interpreter, he alternately fielded and ducked the questions thrown at him, but usually with a quip.

"Are you coming to the United States?" one guest asked.

"I don't know which airline to take," said Chou. "I have too many debts [for foreign travel]."

Each time Chou moved to a new table, he shook everyone's hand. Then a waiter would give him a warm, moist rag to wipe his hands. His right hand was injured during the Long March and is sensitive.

"How high-ranking a diplomat will the U.S. send to Peking?" someone asked.

"Not less than the ambassadorial level that the U.S. has in some countries," he replied.

"Is Henry Kissinger a good negotiator?"

"I think so!"

"When will China inaugurate an service abroad?"

"Within a year. Asia will have the first priority. Africa too. Canada will be first in North America."

An American travel agent, Thomas M. Keesling, asked when China might be opened up to tourists. "Have you met our travel service people?" asked Chou. Moments later, Yang Kung-su, director of the China International Travel Service, was delivered to the table. Chou then told both Keesling and Director Yang that he would like to see a greater exchange of people and that Keesling could come back to China to work on this whenever he wanted. Then the questions started again.

"When do you think the U.S. and



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the Peoples' Republic of China will establish full diplomatic relations?"

"You have Chiang Kai-shek's representatives in the U.S.," said Chou. "Once you realize that Taiwan is a province of China, that will solve everything."

The Premier continued to table-hop. At every table Chou would carefully clink his glass of Mao Tai, which he barely sipped, against the glass of each guest. One very striking young Ethiopian woman started to pull back her glass, reminding the Premier that he had already toasted her at another table. Chou's eyes stayed right on the beautiful lady and his glass kept moving forward until it clinked hers.

UGANDA

What the People Want

Things have not been going particularly well in Uganda lately. On top of the steady deterioration of the economy and continuing strife within the army, two of President Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin Dada's top civilian ministers turned up in Kenya within the past fortnight. Shortly afterward, Amin announced that he was giving the rest of his Cabinet a month's vacation—presumably a prelude to a major shake-up. "A human being is a human being," Big Daddy explained, "and like a car he needs refueling and fresh air after working for a long time."

Last week Amin offered another surprise. He suddenly invited a small group of foreign correspondents in Africa—including TIME's Nairobi Bureau Chief Lee Griggs—to Kampala for a one-day visit that included a rare interview with the Ugandan dictator. Griggs' report.

In a three-hour tour of Kampala by bus and on foot, I saw not a single white face on the street, and only one Asian. Uganda's white population today is only a shade over 3,000, down more than half from that of last August. There are fewer than 1,000 Asians left, mostly skilled specialists who were exempted from the expulsion decree.

Some 4,000 Asian businesses are now in black hands, and the hardest-working people in Kampala seem to be sign painters, replacing the names of Asian shopkeepers with those of Africans. As a result of the Asian exodus last year, the town has been left without a single locksmith, and some of the new shopkeepers have had to dynamite office safes to get at records. Many of the new proprietors still do not know how to reorder goods. And new orders will not be shipped by suppliers without cash in hand, but Uganda's import laws specify cash only on delivery. It remains to be seen whether Amin can step up his lagging policy of *mutata mingi* (Swahili for fattening up) by forcing the banks to offer non-secured loans

to shopkeepers so they can reorder.

There is a shortage of such staples as sugar, salt and soap, but Kampala appeared calm. Amin still seems to be popular with most Ugandans, who attribute the sporadic killings by the army to dirty work done by subordinates without his knowledge. Since 80% of the country's 10 million people live as subsistence farmers more or less outside the cash economy, the threat of a commercial collapse in the capital does not worry Amin inordinately. The coffee and cotton crops are earning foreign exchange, and Uganda's hard-currency position seems to be strong enough to permit Amin to order a \$4,500,000

U.S. Army in Burma, and I can tell you that Uganda's forces are up to international standard. Of course, everyone can make a mistake from time to time, except God."

ON THE ECONOMIC SITUATION: "There is plenty of food. Sugar was short for a time, but now there is plenty of everything. This is a paradise country. The poorest man in Uganda is General Amin. It is better for me to be poor and the people richer."

ON RELATIONS WITH OTHER COUNTRIES

Amin admitted that he has had differences with neighboring Tanzania and Kenya but added with wide-eyed sincerity, "I have no time to think bad thoughts about Tanzania." As for Kenya's President Jomo Kenyatta, Big Daddy boasted: "He is one of my best friends." Amin also paid curious tribute to Britain's Prime Minister Edward Heath, whom he described as "one of the best Prime Ministers. He like Hitler, really tough. I admire him." As newsmen laughed, Big Daddy corrected himself, "I mean like Churchill."

ON HIMSELF AND HIS JOB: "It is very hard, but I like it very much. One must think and not be a coward. Very many Africans have written to me that I am a hero of Africa. This makes me very proud."

OF HIS PROPHETIC DREAMS: Amin recalled the famous one he had in 1952, when he was a lowly corporal, which advised him that he would some day lead the army and later the country. It also told how and when he would die, he says, but he has never revealed the details. Another dream, last August, inspired him to expel the Asians. Still another told him, somewhat irrelevantly, that Israel "must withdraw from the territories it occupied in the Six-Day War, or they will be liberated before the end of 1974." Asked if he dreams often, Amin replied solemnly: "Only when it is necessary."



PRESIDENT IDI AMIN DADA
The gift of prophecy.

Grucci jet for his private use.

Amin received the press on the beautifully clipped green lawn of State House in Entebbe. He spoke softly and slowly, sometimes gesturing with the immense hands that once made him Uganda's heavyweight boxing champion. (He is 6 ft. 3 in. tall and weighs about 260 lbs.) "What I am doing," Amin insisted, "is what the people of Uganda want. Nobody today controls Uganda but Ugandans." The country was temporarily closed to tourism, said Big Daddy, until he could train his people in how to behave toward foreigners. "In future, Uganda will be one of the friendliest nations in the world."

Other comments in the two-hour interview:

ON THE STRIFE WITHIN HIS ARMY: "You should not say bad things about the Ugandan army. I have served at one time or another with the British, Italian and Indian armies, even with the

SOVIET UNION

Rights and Copyrights

For years the Soviets have raided Western publishing houses and simply taken whatever they wanted. In 1972 alone they published 8,100,000 copies of books by Americans without gaining their authors' consent and without paying royalties. Western governments, publishers and authors have long pleaded with Moscow to change its ways. Last week the U.S.S.R. suddenly announced that it accepts the Universal Copyright Convention. Although royalty payments will not be retroactive, the Soviets are now committed to enter into financial contracts with foreign publishers, just like the 62 other adherents (including the U.S.) to the UNESCO-sponsored convention.

Since the U.S.S.R. translates far more foreign books, mainly scientific, than the West gets from Russia, the So-

THE WORLD

viet stand to lose millions of dollars in hard currencies. Like the agreement to pay some old Lend-Lease bills, however, it is part of a general normalization of East-West relations. Beyond that, the copyright decision has political consequences as well. In Moscow last week a Communist Party official said bluntly that "the copyright law will prevent writers from smuggling out their work for publication abroad." As an example, she cited Alexander Solzhenitsyn, whose last three banned novels have been bestsellers in the West.

Until now, some dissident writers have been able to avoid trouble by claiming that their books appeared abroad without their consent. They risked imprisonment only if it could be proved that their work contained "slanderous inventions defamatory to the Soviet state." In the future, any publication in the copyright area would need the writer's approval. The Soviets could then claim that any foreign publication of a dissident work violates the state monopoly on foreign trade—a crime punishable by up to ten years in prison and confiscation of property.

Soviet adherence to the copyright convention will also establish official control over Western publications of works that appear in Russia. Such works were previously in the public domain, and Western houses felt free to print what they chose. Says U.S. Copyright Lawyer Alan U. Schwartz: "The Soviets may now presume to play on the commercial greed of our publishers by offering special deals. We must be very careful to prevent the Soviets from using their copyright to suppress some of the finest works of Russian literature."

GREECE

A Mosquito on a Bull

For the first time since the military junta seized power and imposed martial law six years ago, Greece has been rocked by political protests. Surprisingly, the demonstrations were organized and led by Greek university students, who have until recently been considered the most passive and timid in Europe. "I smell the fresh breath of spring," exclaimed Opposition Leader John Zighdis, a former Cabinet Minister who was imprisoned for a year and a half by the colonels. "This will lead to the destruction of tyranny and the downfall of the dictatorship." Retorted the government spokesman, Byron Stamatopoulos: "The student problem is like a mosquito sitting on the horn of a bull."

The truth lies somewhere in between. What is certain is that the regime of George Papadopoulos has been shaken by the students, on whom it has lavished free tuition, spanking new schools, and even free meals. A good many of them, however, now feel that such material benefits are not enough. They want the same kind of freedom



GREEK STUDENTS DEMONSTRATING ON ROOF OF ATHENS UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL
Free tuition and free meals are not enough.

from government interference enjoyed by their European counterparts. Thus, students at Athens' elite Polytechnic Institute boycotted classes last month after the government announced that it planned to upgrade the status of the so-called "sub-engineers." These, in effect, are second-class students who follow a simpler curriculum than do regular engineers and are subject to certain professional limitations after they graduate. (For example, they can build a house no taller than two stories.)

This fairly parochial protest might have died down in a few days, but a government official (no one is certain who) sent squads of policemen to the campus to break up a meeting on the sub-engineer problem. Outraged by this "violation" of the university, students began taunting the cops with cries of "Fascists!" and "Gestapo!" For good measure, some also threw in two peculiarly Greek insults: *pustis*, meaning the passive partner in a homosexual relationship, and *malakas* (masturbator).

The police responded by beating and dragging off a number of the demonstrators; eleven of them were charged with "insulting authority." Eight were later found guilty and given eleven-month suspended sentences.

In an attempt to forestall further demonstrations, the government enacted a new law that empowered the army to rescind the draft deferments of any student who boycotted classes. The law only spurred more protests. Strikes and demonstrations spread to the University of Athens and to the Aristotelian University of Salonica to the north. The students have called a temporary truce, but another mass rally is scheduled for this week. If the government does not back down, warns one student leader, "we will come down the streets."

The protests have opened a Pandora's box of grievances. At the top of the list is the so-called Decree Law 180, which empowers the government to in-

stall a "commissar" in each faculty. These are usually retired generals with few if any academic credentials; they operate a network of student informers and plainclothes policemen who check illegal student organizations and inform on teachers suspected of "subversive" lectures. Other grievances include the alleged rigging of student elections last November, plus a shortage of up-to-date books and other materials. Above all, the students are angered by the interrogation and torture of politically suspect youths. Some of them told TIME Correspondent William Marmont last week that they can document more than 300 cases of student beatings in Athens alone.

The government, which had begun to relax some of the martial-law provisions, has tightened up once again. Two weeks ago, newspaper editors were ordered to stop covering the student protests. All did except George Athenasiades, editor and publisher of right-wing, independent *Vradini*. The next day 20 tax investigators, accompanied by police, ransacked the *Vradini* offices and Athenasiades' home, taking documents and papers. Police also entered the Hellenic-American Union building in Athens (which houses the U.S. Information Service Library) and roughed up a receptionist and several students suspected of being protesters.

Greece's disorganized and ineffective political opposition is watching the student protest movement with unreserved delight. There seems to be little hope, however, that the demonstrations will topple the regime. Only the army could oust Papadopoulos, and it is still firmly controlled by the junta. Clearly, though, the government no longer controls the minds of the students, who seem to have been radicalized by events of recent weeks. As one leader put it last week: "We are the spearhead of the whole political movement now!" The mosquitoes, in short, are biting back.

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THE YEAR OF EUROPE/COVER STORIES

Here Comes the "European Idea"

ONE of the most-quoted remarks of the ubiquitous Henry Kissinger was that 1973 was to be "the Year of Europe." Americans may not see it that way, but Europeans certainly do. Not since the turbulent transition from shooting war to cold war 25 years ago has Europe found itself at the center of so many different currents of change.

Some of those currents flow from the two superpowers who have guided Europe's destiny since the end of World War II. With Viet Nam out of the way at last, a measured American recession-resumes with negotiations on trade and troop reductions that may well have a profound—and perhaps traumatic—effect on both Western European prosperity and security. At the same time, the old U.S.-European "Atlantic community" is rapidly evolving into a spirited international rivalry. While the U.S. obviously remains vastly stronger, and Western Europe is still far from a unified world power, the new sense of rivalry is real, not only in trade, but in less tangible matters, including the nature of progress and the good life.

The U.S.S.R., meanwhile, is seeking to revise its own relationship with Europe. Striking a benign new posture to match their talk of *détente*, the Russians hope to achieve their longstanding goal of a pivotal role in the affairs of Western Europe—a role that they have not been able to win simply through the presence of 31 divisions in Central and Eastern Europe.

The Europeans, for their part, are generating powerful currents of their own. The dissatisfaction of East bloc nations—colonies in the world's last great empire—with the halting pace of their economic progress was one factor that impelled the Soviets to seek a new accommodation with the West. Perhaps wishfully, many Eastern Europeans now look forward to a period of gradually increased economic and human ties with the prospering West.

It is the West, though, that seems likely to make the most out of Europe's year. The British, after so many years of trying, have not just joined the European Economic Community; they are shaking it up and acting as if "they think they've invented it," in the words of

France's Jean Monnet, spiritual godfather of the EEC. In a way they have. With the expansion of the Common Market from six to nine members—and more important, the breaking of the French-German deadlock that paralyzed it through the De Gaulle era—Europe now seems at what Italian Author Altiero Spinelli describes as "the brink of a moment of creative tension."

But creating what? Historian Arnold Toynbee finds that "a real begin-

ning" London, Europe's forward march seems more ambiguous. The central fact of the early '70s in the West may well be that "the European idea" has finally won general acceptance, as Italy's Spinelli argues. Nonetheless, that idea is still perceived in different and often contradictory ways by Europe's eager men of commerce, its wary, jealous politicians, its skeptical workingmen and its restless, tribal minorities (see page 36).

However uncertain the prospects of real unity may still be, Europe is clearly groping toward some new equilibrium, as yet undefined. For the first time in Europe's modern history, none of its nations sees war as a means to achieve its diplomatic ends. Except for a minority of long-memoried émigrés, the West has long since ceased to worry about liberating "the captive story"

of Eastern Europe. Communist leaders no longer speak—publicly, at least—of "burying" the West. It seems at least plausible that Europe's 28-year peace could well last through the close of the 20th century.

The reason is not simply that Europeans are exhausted after two devastating wars in a half-century. Increasingly, they are finding their future in a Europe where national frontiers are demarcation lines rather than barriers. Unrestricted travel, of course, is still a rare luxury for Eastern Europeans.

But in Western Europe, the 20th century versions of the Renaissance wandering scholars can be found any morning, boarding Caravelles or Boeing 727s at Munich or Orly, Heathrow or Schiphol. These are the dark-suited businessmen and technocrats, many in their late 30s or early 40s, who serve the border-hopping new multinational corporations. Clutching identical document cases, conversing in any one of several languages—including English, the new Europe's universal medium—these passengers are often indistinguishable by nationality even when they reach for the newspapers being passed around by stewards.

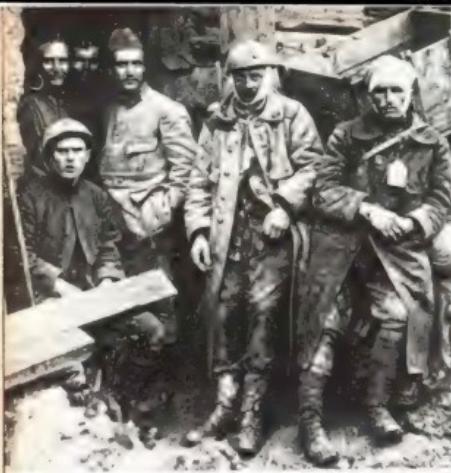
A source of emigrants in the past, Western Europe has itself become a pole of attraction for other peoples. Yugoslavs and Turks swarm to factory jobs in West Germany. Portuguese and Spaniards looking for work in France



POMPIDOU, BRANDT & HEATH

ning of fusion" is under way, raising the prospect of the first genuinely European era since the early 16th century of Erasmus and St. Thomas More, when Latin-speaking scholars could still wander freely over a continent that had not yet been divided by the Reformation, the first stirrings of nationalism and embryonic dreams of empire. On the eve of Prime Minister Edward Heath's talks with West German Chancellor Willy Brandt in Bonn last week, the normally restrained *London Times* not only praised Brandt's "moral authority" and transnational appeal, but even suggested that if European integration were further along, it would be "almost inconceivable that he would not be elected President of Europe."

Viewed from a greater distance than



FRENCH DEFENDERS OF VERDUN

crowd beside tens of thousands of North Africans in *bidonvilles* outside Paris. Switzerland's 5.5 million ethnic Germans, French and Italians fret about the nearly 1,000,000 "foreigners" who have taken up permanent residence in their cities. During the Fascist period, an Italian had to have a permit to leave his farm to visit the nearest city. Today, ordinary Italians are among Europe's most eager and acquisitive tourists. The ideas they bring home from their travels—abortion and Women's Lib are the latest subjects of fascination and controversy—are slowly, if not smoothly, finding their way into Italian life and law.

Yet the "European adventure" is



LONG-HAIRED WEST GERMAN SOLDIERS
To most Europeans, a bit of a charade.

still a paradox. To most Europeans, reports TIME's Chief European Correspondent William Rademakers, "this is not a period of expanding opportunities but of sinking horizons. The very predictability of Europe's future has led to a certain deep malaise within its societies. Europe has lived on a steady diet of nationalism and imperialism for most of its recorded history, and that diet opened careers beyond the wildest imagination of this modest age. But now there are no men on horseback, no new ideologies, no great ideas. Unity? Europeans are—or think they are—being asked to give up their separateness, the customs and habits that not only make them different but proud of the difference. And for what? That is still tragically unclear. The faceless men who now plot and plan a European future talk about butter and currency rates and customs duties, not blood and sweat. That is

hardly the stuff to fire the imagination."

Many nations, moreover, are shrunken relics of what they once were. Without the Congo, Belgium is only a way station between Germany and France. Without Indonesia, the Dutch find their "swamp" delta uncomfortably confining. The headlong charge of Edward Heath's bowler-hatted Tory envoys across the Channel is only one of several telling indications of a general European identity crisis. "It is not talked about," says one Labor Party leader, "but one of the strands that brought us into Europe was neocolonialism: 'We've lost an empire, so we'll run Europe, my dear sir!'"

But having lost old colonies, Western Europe's nation-states have not created a new communion. Despite *détente* and 15 years of Common Market experience, Europe, in certain respects, has hardly moved at all. A Spanish laborer may be able to get himself on a factory payroll in Stuttgart, but a French attorney cannot plead in a court

Paperkrieg in an Era of Peace

ON the walls of SHAPE headquarters near Brussels, battle maps pinpoint the location of the 1,000,000 troops of the seven-nation Warsaw Pact, as well as the 4,200 Soviet tactical and medium-range nuclear weapons pointed at the heart of Western Europe. On the walls of the Warsaw Pact Command Headquarters in Moscow, other maps pinpoint the location of NATO's 580,000 troops, as well as its 7,000 nuclear weapons.

No one, except perhaps a few of the rival generals, seriously expects that those weapons will ever be fired or those troops committed to battle. In fact, most Europeans regard the paperkrieg as a bit of a charade.

That situation has created what may well be NATO's chief problem: how to maintain its strength and *raison d'être* in an age of *détente*. Inevitably, the quality of NATO's components has begun to waver more erratically than ever. The Italian army is moderately well trained, and could probably defend its own country against attack as long as the U.S. Sixth Fleet controls the Mediterranean. The French army, in contrast, may be the weakest of NATO's major links.

West Germany's Bundeswehr, descendant of the once mighty Wehrmacht, is filled with slovenly, long-haired draftees on 15-month hitchies. As for the U.S. Seventh

Army, it has been more conspicuous during the past two years for its racial battles in Frankfurt than its prowess in maneuvers. Britain's volunteer Army of the Rhine, on the other hand, is the best field force in Western Europe. But with only 50,000 men it is too small to defend Germany's vast northern plain on its own.

From Moscow, however, the forces of NATO appear somewhat more formidable. The Russians are aware that their own army is composed of conscripts who spend only 18 months of their two-year service on active duty. They also have good reason to be skeptical about the strength and dependability of Eastern Europe's armies. Part of Hungary's 100,000-man army fought the Russians in 1956. On the other hand, not a shot was fired by Czechoslovakia's 225,000-man armed forces when the Soviets invaded in 1968. Would the Czechoslovaks fire at anybody else? The Bulgarian army (150,000 troops) and the 125,000 East Germans under arms are more dependable, but Poland's 275,000 troops probably could not be counted upon to do anything except defend their own borders.

Thus *détente* may be a blessing for the people of Europe, but it has hardly made the life of a military commander in either NATO or the Warsaw Pact any easier. How, for example, can a Soviet field marshal argue convincingly about the threat of war with Western Europe when the Trade Ministry down the street is selling oil, magnesium and titanium to the West?

in Milan or Rome, and a Danish physician cannot hang out his shingle in Paris or Lyon. The massive inequities in education and income distribution that drove students and workers to the barricades in Paris and Rome in 1968 still persist. Meanwhile, puzzled West European bureaucracies jostle uncertainly with newer and even more slippery problems that defy solution by individual countries: overcrowding, environmental pollution, a desiccated sense of the monotony of life, seemingly incurable inflation.

Grip. Would a unified Western Europe be better able to deal with such problems? In Eastern European capitals, the worry is that Moscow will come to think so, and react to the emergence of a united, successful West by tightening its grip on the bloc. "So you see," explains one Hungarian official, "we're caught in the middle—between the Soviets' perpetual fear of capitalist powers aligning against them and the West Europeans' aspirations for union."

Actually, the depth of those aspirations is open to question. Much as they talk about unity, the men in power in Europe's central governments are understandably reluctant to yield national sovereignty, as witness the jealousies that flared during last month's monetary crisis. Many other Europeans are not sold on unification either. For some of the same reasons that they are no longer lured by the American example, young Europeans are turned off by the prospect of a united Europe. They see it as an economic abstraction, designed mainly to serve the needs of the multinationals. As it does to millions of ordinary Italians and Frenchmen, the Common Market so far means little more to millions of ordinary Britons than higher food prices and the mammoth trucks known as "Continental juggernauts" that shatter the peace of quiet country towns—a rude sample, they worry, of other horrors to come.

"If you say 'federal,'" laments Lord Gladwyn, a member of Britain's delegation to the European Parliament at Strasbourg, "they think you are going to abolish the Queen. If you say 'supranational,' they think a French gendarme is going to hit them over the head. Eventually, if prices do not rise too much, if there is not great unemployment, if there hasn't been an invasion of Italians raping all the women, then people will simply accept it."

Even if they do accept it, and even if the Nine achieve their next goal of a monetary union by 1980, Europe will still be a long way from the political union that Jean Monnet and his fellow prophets of the new Europe envisioned in the 1950s. It is a commonplace by now that Europe's 19th century nation-states are simply too small for the scale of modern commerce, as the uncertain flight of the Concorde shows. So far, they are being asked to pull together only enough to deal with a limited range of needs: to organize monetary stabil-

ity, to control multinational corporations, to counter Japanese competition, to have a louder voice in the new multipolar world. What might Europe expect beyond these narrow economic assignments? The seers disagree.

Bohdan Hawrylyshyn, Ukrainian-born director of Geneva's respected Center of Industrial Studies, and a convinced European, argues that the flow toward unification is "irreversible." The Common Market may turn out not to be the main instrument of unity, he concedes. Other concerns, particularly the environment, will have a role in forcing the Europeans to make common cause. Eventually, Hawrylyshyn predicts, Western Europe might evolve into "a loose federation along, let's say, the Swiss pattern." NATO will fade; Eastern Europe and the West "will draw closer together, but remain on different wave lengths."

Others argue that there is nothing predestined about the European adventure. Political unity? If that is to be added to the present economic goals, says Richard Mayne, one of Britain's

CITIES

The Europeanization of Strasbourg

Sprawled along the left bank of the Rhine River on the French-German frontier, the ancient city of Strasbourg (pop. 250,000), typifies the jarring blend of old and new that is Europe today. Thick-walled 17th century fortresses, built by the great French engineer Vauban, and a towering spired Gothic cathedral look down on postwar synthetic-rubber factories and petrochemical plants. Although 300 miles from the North Sea, Strasbourg is France's largest port for exports. Common Market-bred prosperity has all but erased old fears that the city might once again become the object of French-German rivalry. TIME Correspondent William Rademakers recently visited Strasbourg and filed this report.

MADAME VICTOR STEINIE, the widow of an Alsatian wine-barrel maker, has changed nationalities five times in her long life. She was born French, but became German in 1870 when Bismarck's army marched across the Rhine and took possession of Alsace and Lorraine. She remained German until 1918, when the French returned to Strasbourg. In 1940 Hitler made her German again, and in 1944 she was back where she began, a citizen of the French Republic. "My only wish," she says, at the age of 108, "is not to change again. I want to die French."

Madame Steinie will undoubtedly have her wish—and if anything is certain in Europe's uncertain '70s, her children and grandchildren will live and die as Frenchmen too. To Strasbourgers, that sense of security is some-

thing most eloquent Europeanists, then "we have to rethink the idea of Europe." Italy's Spinelli emphasizes the crucial role of the men at the top. Depending on the perceptions of its leaders, he believes, Europe could just as easily return to crude nationalism, or seek unity and security in some other "system of vaster and more diverse dimensions."

The safe prediction is that bloc politics will continue, on both sides of the old Iron Curtain. Western Europe will continue on its present track: toward a fairly sophisticated economic federation, but probably well short of a situation in which a Liverpool docker, say, or a Turin auto worker would actually have to ponder, as he steps into a voting booth, whether Willy Brandt would indeed make a good President of Europe.

That may not be enough to please the new Europe's more ardent advocates. But given the Continent's past—its dreadful wars, its fierce rivalries—the arrival of "the European idea" is unquestionably one of the signal events of the decade.

thing new, and even a bit miraculous. "For centuries," says Mayor Pierre Pflemlin, who in 1958 served for 18 days as the next-to-last Premier of France's Fourth Republic, "we in the border areas have known nothing but fear and insecurity. Now that nightmare has ended. The Common Market and the concept of Europe have made a basic

PLAZA IN STRASBOURG



SPECIAL SECTION

and fundamental change in our lives."

How basic and how fundamental is immediately evident in the boom-town prosperity of Strasbourg, which has capitalized on its schizophrenic past in planning its European future. It not only exports most of its products—chiefly synthetic rubber and machine tools—but it also draws on the German *Wirtschaftswunder* for its own development. More than 26,000 Alsatians cross the Rhine daily to work in German and Swiss plants. Conversely, 10,000 Germans drive into Alsace every day, many to load up on cheaper French food.

Twenty years ago, Strasbourgers would have found it impossible to seek better-paying jobs in the neighboring German river towns of Kehl and Offenburg. Even vacation trips across the Rhine involved complicated visa forms and meticulous custom searches. The Common Market has changed all that. "A lot of young people in Europe take open borders for granted," said a French customs official at the 13-year-old Europe Bridge that connects Strasbourg and Kehl. "They seem to think it was always this way."

Roads. Once part of a backward, undeveloped pocket of northeastern France, Strasbourg today has the Continent at its doorstep. Some 230 trains pass through the town daily, and there are 5,000 miles of quality roads in the immediate area, including German autobahns and Swiss autoroutes that put Frankfurt and Basel only two hours away. (Ironically, it is easier for an Alsatian to travel out of France than to his own capital: Paris is 200 miles and a five-hour drive away, on a treacherous, obsolete two-lane highway.) The handsome new Entzheim Airport, with runways big enough to handle international jet traffic, has seven flights a day to Paris, as well as daily flights to London, Brussels and Milan.

The planes and trains, of course, are not only for business. Strasbourgers share the mania for seeing Europe first—even in winter. Many families are spending some of the gray days of February and March on tours. Four days in Rome are offered for \$60, Athens for \$100. Even for those who do not travel, Europe is in evidence. In Strasbourg's new suburban supermarkets, shoppers pick their way through oranges from Spain, smoked bacon from the Black Forest, *mortadella* from Bologna, gingersnaps from England and coffee-flavored *hopies* from Holland.

Bilingualism is one of the few positive inheritances of Strasbourg's checkered past. Almost everyone speaks both German and French, as well as the local throat-curdling dialect. Strasbourg's stay-at-homes need only change a channel for a new language experience. They get the three German TV channels on their sets as well as the three French ones. With a bit of antenna fiddling they can also pick up Swiss and Luxembourg television, although it is hard to imagine why they would want to.

The local paper, *Dernières Nouvelles d'Alsace*, now has a circulation of 220,000 in its French edition and 100,000 in an edition that is half-French and half-German. The balance of news in the bilingual edition is more German than French, and there are plenty of seductive German help-wanted ads in the paper. The German presence in Alsace, in fact, is stronger today than at any time since the Armistice. "They are buying back what they lost in two wars," complains a Paris-based salesman. "It's just a different form of occupation." Perhaps mindful of that possibility, French educational authorities have forbidden the teaching of German-language courses in Strasbourg primary schools.

Even in Europe-minded Strasbourg, there are limits to Europeanization. Although city planners discuss with their counterparts in Kehl such common development problems as new bridges and garbage-disposal plants, the overall city plan for the year 2000 is based purely on projected French developments. French national pride is hurt by the daily migration of Alsatian workers to better-paying jobs in German plants. Beyond that, the vast majority of Strasbourgers are either indifferent to, or ignorant of, the European Parliament that meets six times a year in their city. In

their defense, it should be said that if they seem indifferent to the greater European dream—other than how it affects their daily lives—it is because the dream has not filtered down to them in an inspiring way.

In one sense, at least, Strasbourg remains locked in the past: it is still a military border town. The medieval tiles on city roofs are constantly rattled by the sonic booms from Mirage jet fighters based at Entzheim military airbase about ten miles east of the city. French officers still gather in the elegant mess off Place Broglie, whose entrance is emblazoned with the names of some 120 Strasbourg-born generals who fought for the glory of France, most often against the Germans across the river. But the threat of invasion, for the first time in two centuries, is not taken seriously. "None can predict the future," says Mayor Pfleim, "but for the first time the people in this region, French and German, are building and planning their lives without considering a major war. A war between France and Germany now seems more remote than ever in modern European history. The Common Market began this process of reconciliation not only for us, but all of Western Europe. It is now up to us to carry it further. That is what we plan to do."

THE MINORITIES

The War Within the States

EVEN as a "new Europe" is trying to stitch itself together, an old one is doing its best to pull the Continent apart. For all the talk of unity, Europeans have not yet surmounted the chauvinistic prejudices that permit Belgians to think of neighboring Dutchmen as supercilious stuffed shirts, Germans to regard Italians as hopelessly unambitious and inefficient. As for the French, all too many are still reared with an overweening sense of cultural

and linguistic superiority that Jean Cocteau once described with the confession "When I was little, I believed that foreigners could not really talk at all, but were only pretending."

There is, however, an even greater threat to the realization of Charles de Gaulle's loftily imprecise dream of a *Europe des patries*—a Europe of the fatherlands. That is the persistence of myriad old tribal and regional interests and loyalties lying within and across

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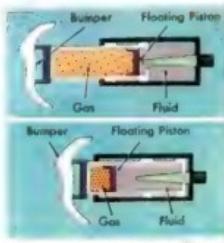
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the Continent's national frontiers.

Forgotten for much of the postwar era, Europe's sub- and transnational minorities have been making increasingly noisy claims for recognition and redress. Almost overnight, it seems, many if not most of Europe's central governments face what British Author Anthony Sampson describes in *The New Europeans* as a "long, untidy" period of internal struggles in "many different forms, from regionalism to anarchism to sheer eccentricity."

The phenomenon spans Europe from Britain, still grappling with Welsh and Scottish nationalism and the bloody war in Ulster, to the Soviet Union, troubled by ethnic unrest in Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. Yugoslavia, where uneasy equilibrium has been upset by a violent upsurge of Croatian nationalism, may be the only European nation whose existence as a single, unified state seems directly imperiled. But others have been rattled, to a greater or lesser degree, by a variety of unhappy minorities: Switzerland's Jura separatists, Sweden's Lapps, Rumania's Transylvanian Hungarians, France's Bretons and Corsicans, Spain's Basques, and myriad ethnic groups of Italy—the German- and French-speaking pockets in the north and the Sicilians and Sardinians in the arid *mezzogiorno* (southland).

No Sense. This tribal unrest has effectively shown that Europe's national boundaries no longer make much sense, if indeed they ever did. The present map of Europe was carved out by warring armies—and postwar diplomats—only in the past century and a half. In 1830 there were no such countries as Greece, Belgium or Norway. Italy and Germany are scarcely a century old, while Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia date back only to 1918. Underlying Europe's somewhat artificial frontiers is a patchwork of ancient tribal and economic enclaves divided by geography, culture and what Italian Sociologist Francesco Ferrarotti describes as "the greatest single non-unifying factor in Europe, an excess of history."

Ethnically, the Continent is a plexus of unassimilated minorities. Western Europe alone embraces 30 different ethnic communities, ranging in size from the 20,000 Slovaks of Austria to the 4,000,000 Catalans of northeastern Spain. They are re-emerging partly because of what the Italians call *distensione*—the easing of tension—removing the kind of external dangers that justify strong central government. Another factor is the advance of modern communications, which has brought the threat of cultural homogenization much closer to many once isolated peoples. The result is that such communities have renewed their insistence on maintaining their own languages, their own traditions and—all too often—their own archaic rivalries.

Ulster's warring Catholics and Protestants, who are still trying to write a final chapter to the 1690 Battle of the

Boyne, are not the only Europeans with ancient scores to settle. Belgium's Dutch-speaking Flemings and French-speaking Walloons regularly take their differences to the streets. In the French city of Toulouse not long ago, TIME Correspondent Paul Ress got into a discussion about the brutal crusade led by Simon de Montfort, northern baron, against the Catharist "heretics" of the Midi during the 13th century. The Toulousains seemed amiable, but Ress was told next day that they "didn't like you, though. They took you for a friend of Simon de Montfort."

With a few exceptions, Europe's isolated minorities yearn not so much for independence as for linguistic, cultural and economic equality. In any given office building in Brussels, a Belgian says, goes, the doorman speaks only Dutch, the secretaries are bilingual and the managing director deals only in French. In Italy's Alto Adige region, severed from Austria by diplomatic fiat after World War I, German-speaking Tyrolean terrorists committed some 200 bombings and other acts of violence in the 1960s before Rome agreed to a measure of autonomy. Still, streets are known as both *via* and *strasse*, and many towns are known by entirely different names to their German-speaking residents and Italian officialdom.

In their prospering industrial corner of north central Spain, some 2,000,000 dour, strong-willed Basques—"the alkalois of the Spaniard," philosopher Miguel de Unamuno called them—fret that hard work and efficiency have not brought them the recognition and cultural elbowroom that they feel deserve in a still-autocratic society. In France, which enjoys Western Europe's fastest-growing economy, young Bretons in search of a job and a future still gravitate to Paris. There they gather nightly, like so many expatriates, in the bars around Montparnasse to raise their glasses to a murmured *Breiz atao*—Brittany forever, in the harsh Celtic tongue of their impoverished home province.

The danger of such increasingly vocal unrest is that it could poison relations between states and thus slow down the pace of European integration. But many scholars argue plausibly that ethnic differences do not so much foreclose the future as point the way to it. Swiss philosopher Denis de Rougemont looks for a gradual emergence of new "communities of mutual interests" that transcend established frontiers. One such community might be the region bounded by Lyons and Grenoble in France and Geneva and Lausanne in Switzerland—four cities already united by proximity, language (French) and common commercial interests. Says De Rougemont: "Europeans are discover-

ing that this is what brings them together, not borders."

Britain's Anthony Sampson forecasts a dramatically revised political map of Europe. It might shape up as "a world of multinational corporations, making a technological sweep through Europe as another Holy Roman Empire." Central governments would shrink; neglected provinces would return "to their historic roles as the heart of Europe. Alsace, as it once was, could become a separate entity equal to Paris." In this vision of provinces as power blocs, forgotten regions would become a kind of European Third World, playing off the central bureaucracy in Brussels against their own national capitals. The Scots, in fact, have already set up an office in Frankfurt, where staffers work to line up European investment



FLEMINGS PARADING IN BELGIAN TOWN
A long, untidy period ahead.

for Scotland with all the zeal of commercial attachés in the embassy of a sovereign state.

When, if ever, might the European map begin to be redrawn along the lines that the regionalists envision? Some experimental steps have already been taken. The bulk of the loans granted to Italy by the Brussels-based European Investment Bank, whose funds come from the EEC countries, has been channeled into the Italian *mezzogiorno*—a model that might inspire other efforts at transnational cooperation. Still, there is little indication that Europe's central governments—a tribe unto themselves—are ready to yield significant power, whatever the case for a regional politics. They stick by not only De Gaulle, but also Otto von Bismarck. The borders may be obsolete, but his 19th century dictum that "whoever speaks of Europe is wrong" is still to be convincingly disproved.

THE RIVALS (I)

How America Looks at Europe

FOR the past five years, with America's energies and fears focused on Viet Nam, Washington pretty much took Europe for granted. Now the Administration is noticing the Continent—in a way that suggests that Europeans may soon want a new era of benign neglect. "Maybe we've all been under a delusion," mused one State Department official recently. "We thought that Nixon's 'Year of Europe' would denote an approach of sweetness and light, coupled with the main attention being paid to the Continent. I think Europe will get prime attention, but seemingly it won't be all sweetness and light."

In the view of many experts, the U.S. today has the worst relations with the Continent since World War II. To J. Robert Schaezel, former Ambassador to the EEC, the situation has become nothing less than a "dialogue of the deaf"—which probably means a lot of shouting in 1973 and beyond. After years of seeming inattentiveness, there is no doubt that Washington has suddenly noticed Europe—with a vengeance. Indeed, even well-informed Americans are somewhat baffled. For years Americans were accurately known as better Europeans than the Europeans themselves. Whatever happened, they now ask, to that great dream of helping to build a strong, unified and prosperous Europe, which has guided U.S. foreign policy since World War II?

Essentially, the dream remains unchanged; in fact, it is being realized. But as with all dreams when they begin to become real, the effects can be unse-

tling. To the U.S., the most disturbing effect is of course economic. Shortly after the devaluation of the dollar last month, President Nixon instructed Secretary of the Treasury George Shultz to get a "fairer shake" for U.S. trade, even if he had to threaten protectionism. Faced with a massive and seemingly irreversible balance of payments deficit, the U.S. has begun to demand trade and monetary concessions—and to question whether Western Europe is carrying its share of the common defense burden.

"Nursing our economic wounds, preoccupied with domestic issues, uncertain of our position in the world," Schaezel claims, "we have become more annoyed with our allies than with our enemies." Nonetheless, he adds that the U.S. is not solely to blame: "All of the countries have become egocentric."

Says Raymond Vernon, director of Harvard's Center for International Affairs: "The U.S. thinks of itself as if the wily Europeans have somehow got the better of us, as though we've had too much of the burden and cost and been weakened. There's a sense of being put upon. Many European leaders, however, see us as a country of overriding strength."

An old American complaint about Europe recently renewed is that it is unrealistic. Princeton Professor Edward Morse, writing in *Foreign Affairs*, argues that, despite the almost universal agreement in Europe that any reduction in the present level of U.S. troops on the Continent would leave everyone worse off, Europe has confronted none of the consequences of withdrawal.

Meanwhile, Washington is faced with the problem of dealing with a Western Europe that, in one respect, is both a single economic unit and in another, a multitude of conflicting political voices. Not that the U.S. is always of one mind. Indeed, sometimes Washington seems to want a United Europe that will take over the burden of its own defense, and at other times it seems to fear a Europe that would be powerful enough to do so.

Relations between the U.S. and Europe are complicated by the personal equation. President Nixon was outraged by European government protests of his December bombing of Viet Nam. His sense of having been unfairly judged played a major role in his decision not to visit Europe, at least in the first half of 1973. British Prime Minister Edward Heath's refusal to protest the bombing probably enhanced a personal relationship with Nixon that was already regarded as easy and smooth. The President is also on good terms with both Georges Pompidou and Willy Brandt, although the White House has never been particularly comfortable with the Brandt government.

In Washington's estimate of Europe's political future, the biggest question marks concern France and Italy. The current elections in France are being watched with growing trepidation. "The Gaullists have often been frustrating, but we basically understand each other," says a high Administration official. "The Socialist-Communist coalition is something else altogether." Washington fears that a Socialist-Communist victory in France could also enhance the opportunities of the large, disciplined Communist Party in Italy, a country with a chaotic political life.

Affection. Perhaps the largest plus in American-European relations lies in the genuine affection—albeit now tinged with a degree of envy—that Americans feel for the Continent. Jet travel has enabled many Americans to renew and appreciate more deeply their heritage abroad. "But that antiquated, slightly patronizing American attitude toward Europe as 'the place where we have our roots' is finished," says British Author Ludovic Kennedy. No one calls it "the old country" any more.

Today the average informed American views Europe as a wealthy, technologically advanced, comfortable and somewhat expensive society that has somehow learned how to get the most out of life without sacrificing its values. There is still a lingering sense of romance in the American view of Europe, and a frequent notion that somehow the Europeans are less hysterical about sex; but the notion of European sexual wickedness compared to American purity is fading with the consciousness that most European countries are, in fact, far less "permissive" than the U.S. today.

The Rev. Dr. Eugene Smith, of the World Council of Churches, finds a considerable religious ferment in Europe, although "it just doesn't take the same form that it does in America. The deepest grappling with faith," he says, "takes place in the secular context—the theater, literature and film. Secularism has gone much further in Europe than it has in America." At the same time, he notes a surprising degree of "tribalism" in the minds of many Europeans. When the World Council allocated \$500,000 in 1970 to support African liberation movements, for example, it received vir-

A EUROPEAN VIEW OF AMERICA



ulent criticism. "The European churches," he says, "have not faced in adequate depth the latent racism in their societies, though racial feeling is not nearly as strong in Europe today as in America."

Says Steven Brenner, 25, a young Chicago manufacturing executive: "They provide more services for their people. They may not have more than we do, but they seem to make better use of what they have." Iius ("Ike") Davis, former mayor of Kansas City, adds: "Europeans in some ways have made a better adjustment to living together in cities than we have. They have found a compromise between respect for and use of the craftsman and the need for mass-produced goods. They have developed a reserve which makes living together more bearable."

That does not mean, of course, that Americans closely follow European affairs. Quite the contrary. Since the passing of De Gaulle, Adenauer and Churchill, there have been no giant European personalities who really attract their attention, although Brandt appears to be much admired, still largely for his reputation as West Berlin's cou-

rageous mayor. There is a tendency for Americans to be crisis oriented, and the crisis in recent years has been Viet Nam, not Europe. Americans also like the exotic and, with Viet Nam over, Asia beckons once again in more appealing ways than before.

Still, Europe has crept back into the headlines and into America's consciousness, if only as that nagging economic issue. In the minds of many Americans, devaluation has been lumped with such other troubling pocketbook matters as wage controls and the high cost of food. But, contradictions being inescapable in these matters, despite the gripes about those "ungrateful Europeans" that we bailed out of two wars,¹ more Americans than ever are going to Europe, both to visit and to settle. In 1971, more than 1,000,000 Americans made their home in Europe, and more than 2,100,000 traveled there in search of profit or pleasure. The numbers are bound to increase. In sum, Europe still has a special meaning for the U.S., as a symbol both of past and present, both for practical business and, in a curious way, for escape.

THE RIVALS (II)

How Europe Looks at America

THIS is a marriage that has arrived at middle age," says Italian Columnist Arrigo Levi of the longstanding relationship between the U.S. and Europe. "It needs some sexual stimulation. This year the diplomatic stimulation across the Atlantic will be more intense than it has been in years. It will take place in a changed atmosphere: the old and comfortable relationship of a protective America and a dependent Europe has given way to one of rivalry."

If anything, this new relationship is likely to intensify Europe's perennial if ambiguous fascination with the mystery that is America. In 1830 that observant Frenchman Alexis de Tocqueville saw in America "the image of democracy itself, with its inclinations, its prejudices and its passions." A century and a half later, another astute French observer, Jean-François Revel (*Without Marx or Jesus*) described America as "an example for all democracies and all technological societies today." Other observers argue that America is an example of precisely what other modern nations should not be.

The range of European attitudes and opinions on the U.S. is as broad and varied as Europe itself. In the north, for instance, Sweden's opposition to the war in Viet Nam has spilled over into continuing, virulent anti-Americanism. Far to the south, the average Italian, says University of Rome Sociologist Francesco Ferrarotti, "has a deep sense of almost compulsive admiration for Americans."

In between, there is the mixed opinion of the West Germans. Says Ulrich

Littmann, executive director of the Fulbright Commission in Germany: "The German has an optically broken picture of the Americans. It's like a beam of light hitting the water. He thinks of the U.S. in terms of the people who sent men to the moon, the people who are portrayed in western movies and TV thrillers, the people who conducted a war in Viet Nam." The same German who goes out and throws a stone through the window of America House in protest of the bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong cheers the U.S. military band marching in the Carnival parade.

Something of the same double vision plagues the French. Says Revel, France's best-known America watcher: "The French are, of course, ignorant of American society in any case. They live a continual ambiguity. On the one hand, they are unconsciously seduced and fas-

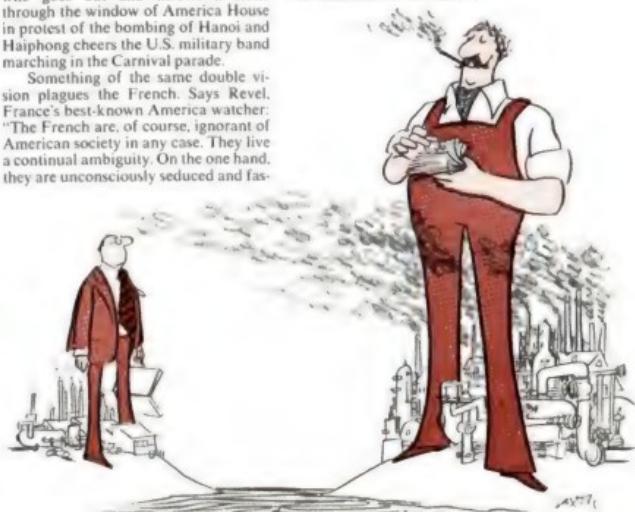
cinated by American life, and they love to imitate it. On the other hand, it is almost a national custom to reject U.S. actions and disparage American institutions out of hand."

European attitudes toward the U.S. are to some extent determined by age. To most people over 40 in Western Europe, America still represents the deliverance from the evil that was Nazism. There is a middle-range group of leftist intellectuals, roughly in their early 30s, who are violently anti-American because they consider the U.S. the model of a capitalist, imperialist society. The young generally see the U.S. as a corrupt military-industrial establishment—even as they absorb and emulate the latest made-in-America styles in rock sounds, drugs and fashions.

One particular American who arouses strong but disparate feelings in Europe is Richard Nixon. In England, he is regarded in official quarters with almost unqualified admiration for his rapprochements with China and the Soviet Union. The popular feeling, though, is considerably cooler: one recent poll showed that 65% of the British public disapproved of his handling of the Viet Nam War. Italians admire Nixon's pragmatism, a quality notably lacking in their own politicians. Germans like his political finesse, but sometimes wonder about his dedication to the Atlantic Alliance, and hence to their security. In France, Nixon's policy of benign neglect of Europe in the past has suited the Gaullists fine.

The Viet Nam War has caused some Europeans to question the future of the Atlantic Alliance. Historian Arnold Toynbee, who strongly believes that the U.S. should reduce its military presence

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF EUROPE



SPECIAL SECTION

in Europe, notes that "South Viet Nam has suffered even more than North Viet Nam, and for America's other allies this is rather a warning as to what can happen. The risk of being a Czechoslovakia is less than the risk of being a South Viet Nam."

From a different perspective, Italian Columnist Levi thinks there is a "fundamental fear that for the second consecutive time, the U.S. will draw its own lessons from history. It applied lessons learned in Europe in the '40s and '50s to Asia and found to its dismay Asia was not Europe. To extract itself from the Asian mistake, it had to play a balance-of-power maneuver. The fear is that Washington may apply the lessons learned in Asia in the '60s to Europe in the '70s. A balance-of-power game in Europe would be a disaster."

Ideology. Apart from such geopolitical problems, Europeans must cope with ever-increasing inroads of Americanization on their own more traditional and stratified societies. Europe has simply not produced a competing ideology to defend itself against the impact of American emphasis on mobility, expansion, informality and disregard of class barriers and inherited privilege. Yet there is a widespread feeling that the U.S. is in chaos, deeply divided, unable to act, and economically on the fringe of a major crisis. Such British America-watchers as Louis Heren and Andrew Shonfield wonder about the imponderable effect of a triumph of conservatism in the U.S. Heren is one of the few to perceive a "new equilibrium" in the U.S. that he regards as an encouraging trend away from unrest. In recent years, Europe has been infected with what has seemed America's doubt about its own future and the American dream. The feeling is widespread that the time has come for the U.S. to learn some lessons from Europe, rather than the reverse.

Still, British Strategic Analyst Alastair Buchan argues: "The U.S. is still the world's great experimental society and it does not behove Europeans to look down their noses at it because we, for the time being, have more successfully solved some problems of crime and environment. This is simply because American problems are on a much, much larger scale." Echoing Tocqueville, Revel and countless other fascinated tourists to the New World, Switzerland's Georges-Henri Martin, editor of *La Tribune de Genève*, notes: "America is still our model, for better or worse. What happens there, we find comes here later."

The fact remains that the U.S. cannot regain the all-powerful image it had after World War II—and Europeans don't want it to. What Europeans do want is for the U.S. to discover and define its mission for the next generation or two. Despite the new sense of rivalry and independence, there is still an almost inescapable sense of a linked fate with the U.S.

THE ECONOMY

Soaring Growth, Spiraling Inflation

FIRST-TIME visitors to Europe are usually impressed by something that its citizens now take for granted—the pervasive signs of economic growth and prosperity. London, Paris, Milan and Frankfurt are cacophonous with construction and clogged with cars. An international network of *autostradas*, *Autobahnen* and *autoroutes* links the Continent's major (and even minor) cities. In winter, such fashionable ski resorts as Gstaad, Chamonix and St. Moritz are booked solid; in summer, there is a mass migration from Europe's colder climates to such resorts as the Costa Brava and the Costa del Sol, as well as to (almost) unspoiled beaches on Sardinia and Yugoslavia's Adriatic coast.

Europe, in short, looks prosperous and to a large extent is prosperous. And it is no longer only the privileged who share the wealth. A decade ago, a skilled worker in France, Germany, Italy or Belgium was likely to have ridden a bicycle or motorbike to work. Today he owns—or is saving to buy—a Volkswagen, Fiat or Citroën. He is almost certain to have a TV set (black-and-white, not color). He almost certainly has a savings account; and if he is lucky, he lives with his family in new, subsidized housing—architecturally undistinguished, but more comfortable than picturesque squalor.

Europe, of course, is not yet paradise. The Continent still lags well behind the U.S. by the standard measures of well-being, but is catching up (see charts). Income is still distributed inequitably, with many poor people within the richer member countries of the Common Market and widespread



chronic poverty in the poorer nations of Italy, Britain and Ireland. All too many homes in the slums of Glasgow lack baths and hot water, and in France thousands of working-class families can afford meat only once or twice a week. Throughout the Common Market, however, social benefits help to compensate for low incomes. Medical services are free, or virtually free; family allowances (\$65 a month for three children in Belgium, for example) help to feed and clothe the children of the poor; in most cities and suburbs mass transit is efficient, cheap and lavishly subsidized by U.S. standards. To be sure, none of those and other benefits are really free, since they are paid for by a complex of income and indirect taxes.

The extent to which the average European's economic dreams remain unrealized was quite apparent last week. In Italy, 10 million workers walked away from their jobs for periods ranging from 15 minutes to 24 hours. In France, a strike by air traffic controllers went into its second week, grounding virtually all civil aviation. Britain was crippled by strikes and slowdowns that halted trains, cut gas supplies to some homes and factories and closed schools in London.

The issue that brought out the strikers, from Milan to Manchester: living costs that are rising faster than wages. Consumer prices in the Common Market as a whole rose some 8% last year, compared with 3.3% in the U.S. The Paris-based Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) warns that this year prices could rise by as much as 9%.

Basically, the problem is that Eu-

ECONOMIC INDEXES



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SPECIAL SECTION

Europe's factories are working at near capacity in an effort to meet the demand for their products, which enables labor unions to ask for—and get—sizeable wage increases. In West Germany, for example, plants worked at 93% of capacity in 1970. Not so long ago, many governments would have reduced demand by such traditional deflationary methods as curbing their own spending, raising the cost of credit and restricting its growth. Today they are fearful of using those weapons vigorously, lest they create unemployment. Says Raymond Barre, a former vice president of the Common Market Commission: "Most people have decided they prefer inflation to joblessness."

In the Common Market as a whole, unemployment averages 2% to 3%. It is, naturally, far higher in such depressed regions as southern Italy and southwestern France, as well as among certain sections of the population—teenagers, women, elderly people.

Strength. When workers are fired, they are rewarded with generous severance pay: a month's pay for each year worked is common. Thanks to the strength of the trade unions, it is becoming even harder to lay off unwanted workers. In West Germany, for example, the Bavarian metalworkers union has just negotiated what may be the ultimate in job security—and a model for other unions. A worker who is either 55 years old and has been with the same company for 20 years, or is 50 and has been with it for 25 years, cannot be fired at all. Says a German industrialist: "With or without socialists in power, we have socialism in Europe."

One way to combat inflation is, of course, to raise the productivity of both labor and capital. However, the structure of European industry and the difficulty of shedding unwanted labor hamper this policy in many countries. France, for example, still has a host of small, undercapitalized companies. Out of 908,000 firms only 37 employ more than 5,000 people, and only 140 more than 2,000. The figures suggest that the country has a long way to go before it realizes optimum economies of scale.

Spiraling prices could make European exports uncompetitive in world markets. The consequent reduction in demand would then lead to the unemployment that workers fear. But rising prices do not yet threaten the EEC's export performance. In part, that is because about half of its members' trade is within the Community, where inflation runs at roughly the same rate from country to country. Moreover, proximity of markets provides a cost barrier against imports from faraway countries like the U.S. and Japan.

A large part of the Common Market's economic growth is provided by U.S. multinational companies, which continue to invest in the European Economic Community. At market value, that investment now totals an estimated \$80 billion. Even that impressive fig-



SLUMS OF A PARIS SUBURB

A glint of prosperity, not yet a paradise.



RIDING SCHOOL IN DEAUVILLE

ure does not reflect the degree of their dominance. U.S. companies tend to concentrate in such growth industries as telecommunications, chemicals, energy, cars, trucks, food processing and distribution, and pharmaceuticals.

Like their locally owned rivals, the American multinationals must observe local laws and mores. But unlike smaller companies, they have the freedom to move production to the plants where it will be most profitable; and labor unions accuse some multinationals of using that freedom as a weapon in bargaining over contracts. Increasingly, the multinationals are under surveillance by the EEC.

Ironically, while they are becoming less popular in Western Europe, the U.S. multinationals are being courted by Eastern European nations who want new technology and capital. The Eastern Europeans, however, are careful to maintain barriers against foreign, capitalist dominance. Most favor partnerships that give the Eastern country access to modern technology and to investment, while the Western partner gains a supply of plentiful cheap labor.

Since President Nixon's *détente* with the Soviet Union, many American companies have moved to increase their trade in the Eastern tier. They have found themselves competing with Western European firms already well entrenched there. The Eastern European countries are perennially short of convertible currencies and therefore are highly price conscious. This is one field for U.S. exports that may benefit substantially from devaluation of the dollar, provided U.S. companies supply the Eastern market direct, rather than through their European subsidiaries.

With industrial economies that increasingly resemble each other, the

Eastern and Western European nations are bound to have closer trade relations in the coming decade. In the capitals of Western Europe and at Common Market headquarters in Brussels, there is far less talk about the political challenge from the East than there is about American intentions. A suspicion lingers that the U.S. is trying to use its relative economic power—waning but still strong—to force the rest of the world into currency realignments and trade concessions that will enable it to invest overseas on a grand scale.

That investment has brought some benefits to the rest of the world. The U.S. has exported new technology and management methods and, above all, has shown national rivals that it is possible—and highly profitable—to market on a continental scale. But benefits always involve costs. America's continuing export of capital is a major factor in the chronic turbulence of the international monetary system. Last week, a mere fortnight after the second devaluation of the dollar in 14 months, Europe's major foreign exchange markets closed to prevent further massive speculation (see page 91).

The U.S., which exports only about 6% of its G.N.P., can ride out the storm with relatively little inconvenience. But European nations, which export up to 50% of their G.N.P.s, are highly vulnerable to an international currency crisis. Many Europeans argue that the U.S. is selfishly asking other nations to solve problems that are of its own making. If resentment of the U.S. becomes enshrined in Europe's monetary and trade policies, the dollar might fall even lower. For Europe and the U.S., that would signal the start of an economic war in which neither side could expect more than a Pyrrhic victory.

THE INTELLECTUALS

Two Conversations About Culture

Assessing the state of a continent's intellectual and cultural life in any detail, or in a sharp pattern, is an all but impossible task. Perhaps the most useful and pleasantest way to consider the whole is in conversation—preferably with a multilingual, polymathic scholar. Last week TIME correspondents discussed the world of arts and ideas with two of Europe's leading intellectuals: Dr. George Steiner, a French-born American thinker who is currently a fellow of Cambridge's Churchill College; and Dr. Joachim Kaiser, principal critic for Munich's Süddeutsche Zeitung.

ALMOST all of British intellectual and cultural life, said Steiner, is suffering from a lingering case of "historical fatigue," except perhaps in the field of science. "In the physical and exact sciences British achievements remain staggering. But in the humanities, if you

chological problem of having 1,000 years of history behind it. The question is: What is there left to do? The past here has become so present that the great mood is looking back—sometimes it seems as if there is nothing on television every night but war films, all looking back, at any war—the Boer

Steiner is most impressed by Paul Celan, who recently committed suicide, and by Hans Magnus Enzensberger, who, he says, is "trying to break open the whole clogged German form of style."

Summing up, Steiner proposes that "the major question for Europe is where the best of American civilization, with its great efficiencies, its uses of color, space, fabric, its ideas of comfort and speed of communication, can successfully meet with the values and tradi-

SEAN LEITCH



LORD CLARK

Jean Marquis



CLAUDE SIMON



CLAUDE LÉVI-STRAUSS

War, Crimea, you name it. What are the books that sell 100,000 copies? *Mary Queen of Scots*, *Wellington*. What are the hit television films? *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*, *Lord Clark's Civilization*. It's like a museum."

Steiner sees most of the provocative new ideas in Britain as coming from the Continent. "The intellectual traffic over here is tremendous, particularly French Marxism and French structuralism. Psychoanalysis, which has ground to a halt everywhere else, is being given a transfusion of radical sociology in France in psychopathology. Freudian categories are being applied to the problems of labor, industry and the middle class. Bored with pragmatism and objectivity, the young of Europe are generally moving into an age of myth and irrationality.

France, at the moment, is the most beautiful producer and exporter of myths, in politics and the social sciences."

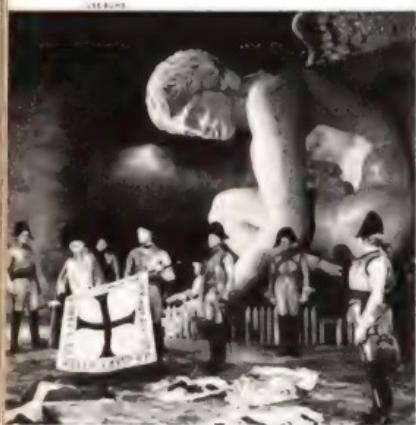
"German literature is fantastically alive—extremely radical, anything goes. The writers feel responsible for the omissions of the past—what Daddy did during the Nazi period. German theater and German poetry are also alive and crackling," says Steiner, citing the work of Peter Handke, 30, whose baffling, audience-inflating plays (*Kasper, Offending the Audience*) are not so much theatrical dramas as experiments with new language forms. "Also, Peter Weiss's theater of cruelty (*Marius/Sade, The Investigation*) will probably come to be seen as an experiment of enduring change." Among poets,

tions of the old world." Perhaps surprisingly, Steiner finds that ground of "creative collision" in Northern Italy, particularly in Milan. Thanks to the ancient strengths of the country—part Catholic, part Latin, part landscape—Northern Italy "has successfully avoided the second-rate Americanisms you see elsewhere in Europe—gas stations that don't work as well as they do in the U.S. but are just as ugly." As for Italy's intellectual life, he believes it to be "under very grave pressure from the imminent danger of the collapse and corruption of its overcrowded, overburdened university system."

The most significant fact about Central European culture, observes Dr. Joachim Kaiser, is its conservatism. "This is true for two reasons. First, a great many institutions, very much to the regret of the young left, have remained unshakable. These include the theater, the opera, publishing and the world of intellectual and critical journals. In other words, our large culture market functions to semi-freeze developments by maintaining certain traditions, such as the preservation of the classics in our theaters and the repertoires of our great orchestras and, above all, our operas."

"The second reason is that the more expert and knowledgeable the audience, the more reactionary is likely to be its attitude. This is why the Vienna State Opera is about the most reactionary cultural institution in the world. It is not because the Viennese know so little about opera, but because they know so much about it."

As a specific example of aesthetic conservatism, Kaiser said, the most interesting theatrical events in Central Europe last year were two productions in West Berlin of *Prinz Friedrich von Homburg* by Heinrich von Kleist (1777-



SCENE FROM "PRINZ FRIEDRICH VON HOMBURG"

ask where the great philosophical movement is, there is only a long silence. It is an awfully dead period. There have been 40 years of restoring order, sweeping and tidying up what had been all the rampant, unkempt, even outdated collections of philosophical theories. Now everything is clean, in perfect order and ready for bold new departures. But nothing has happened, so everyone goes on polishing.

"In our literature we have little England—*you close the doors and try to be intensely yourself*. In contrast to the conspicuous consumption of America, we have developed a sense of inconspicuous hoarding. Great energy is suspect here. It looks vulgar to the English eye. England has the enormous psy-



CLAUDIO ABBADO



PETER HANKE



PETER WEISS

1811), a five-act romantic drama of heroism in battle and requited love. "Here we have a play that less than five years ago was rejected by the radical left. Suddenly that same play starts to fascinate young and old alike—so much so that it results in the most interesting theatrical evenings of the season."

Kaiser thinks that Europe has undergone something of a cultural revolution in recent years, stemming from the student rebellions that culminated in May 1968. But that revolution, said Kaiser, merely challenged old bourgeois values without replacing them with anything new. In reaction against anarchism, people are gradually returning to the traditional: "To put it another way, there are no young girls around, so in order to remain modern somehow, we are putting our cultural grandmothers into hot pants. In music, for instance, Richard Wagner a few years ago had

been almost written off as a Nazi and Chopin had been dismissed as a kind of 19th century pop composer. Now those two composers are intoxicating the same people who five years ago were smoking hashish."

Although Kaiser is impressed by such Italian theatrical and musical artists as Milan's Director Giorgio Strehler, Conductor Claudio Abbado and Pianist Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, he is bored by the country's literature: "There are not many good Italian novels, probably because the Italian language has become over-rhetorical." Like Steiner, Kaiser is impressed by the intellectual ferment in France, particularly "the discussions influenced by Claude Lévi-Strauss and the structuralists on one side and the Sartrists on the other." But except for the novels of Michel Butor and Claude Simon, whom he considers the most talented

exponents of the *nouveau roman*, the "new novel" that is no longer very new, he is unimpressed with French belles-lettres. "One can already find an epitaph for the new novel—too boring."

Kaiser also agrees with Steiner that German literature is in an era of creative ferment, partly because of the country's tradition of being open to influences from the East. On the other hand, he is skeptical of Russia's growing body of literature of dissent. "One shouldn't forget that everything that came from Prague in 1968 was, for purely political motives, a bit overestimated. One closed both eyes and found it a bit better than it was. This might also be the case with Solzhenitsyn today."

Kaiser concludes that "as a cultural whole, Europe does not exist." In fact, he feels that there is considerably more intellectual continuity between New York today and the Berlin of old, for instance, than between Munich and Florence. "I was in Florence yesterday," he said, "and I really had the feeling of being on another continent." If ever there is to be a common culture for Europe, he believes that it will be the result of cross-fertilization from the Anglo-American orbit—not so much in art or literature as in life-styles. "These influences range from the habit, new to Europe, of calling people by their first names, to the social influence of radio and TV shows, to the way that fashions develop outside traditional centers in Europe."

TIME ESSAY

"Hello, I'm a European"

In George Orwell's dark vision, the year 1984 would see the triumph of totalitarianism in Europe—an era of Newspeak and Doubtthink, of dictatorial cruelty and dehumanizing coercion. That fateful year is now little more than a decade away, and it seems less and less plausible that Orwell's grim prophecy will be proved correct. William Davis, German-born editor of Britain's national humor magazine Punch, has a somewhat cheerier view of what 1984 will really be like. His imaginary scenario, written for TIME:

HE was a very ordinary young man—quiet, soberly dressed, a dull. He did not take much interest in politics, or international affairs, or indeed anything except sex and the weather. His name was Franco, and his passport said he was a European. It did not sound as odd as it had done eleven years earlier: in 1973 no one would have thought of introducing himself at a cocktail party with "Hello, I'm a European." People were French, or English, or German, or Italian. Never European. The only people who used the word in those days were Americans, who invested geographical proximity with more importance than it deserved.

Ironically, the Americans in 1973 looked and acted more like Europeans than the natives themselves. They did not argue about the past, squabble about sovereignty, or insist on defending national interests. They worked just as willingly in London as in Paris or Rome. They dressed alike, talked alike, used the same business techniques. Their corporations had broken down the traditional barriers to a far greater extent than had European ones. The Hilton was bet-

ter established than any other hotel chain, Hertz and Avis were ubiquitous, and TIME had a more diverse readership than its European rivals.

Today, it was hard to tell the difference between a European and an American city. Most of the old, narrow streets that once gave Paris and Rome their distinctive character had been pulled down by property developers and replaced with neat, strictly functional office blocks. Franco worked in a modest room on the 18th floor of a building that looked like an upturned matchbox. From his window he had a splendid view of an identical building opposite: all the office buildings in Europe were identical.

Franco's first job had been with the Fiat-General Motors-Leyland-Renault combine, but life in a company town had not appealed to him. Based on the Japanese system, the company towns had been built with one purpose—to insure loyalty to the combine, rather than to country or family. Inbreeding was not only allowed but actively encouraged. Few people escaped, because mergers had drastically reduced one's choice of multinationals. One could work for the combine's branch in Italy or France, but it was difficult to switch to another industry. Apart from anything else, technology had advanced to a point where it was simply impossible to learn another trade in less than 20 years.

Franco, though, had been lucky. After six months with the combine, he had been offered a job by an American bank. Banking was one field in which no great knowledge or experience seemed to be required, and the Americans liked to have a few genuine Europeans on their staff. Now he commuted from his suburban home in Coventry (London's phenomenal growth had extended the suburbs out

ESSAY

for a hundred miles or more) to the financial district.

On the train that morning he had tried to read the new, compact, modern *Mail-Express-Mirror*, edited by Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, but had soon turned to his customary European *Times*. The headlines, on this sunny day in 1984, were depressingly familiar. Europe's trade gap was still widening (there was another warning from Brussels that Europe must "export or die"). Enoch Powell, a sprightly 72-year-old eccentric who lived in the South of France, had made a speech in Nice warning, yet again, that Europe would collapse unless something was done about the rising tide of Japanese immigration. There was a new row about sex education. The leading article dealt with the recent alarming increase in Eurostrikes.

Franco sighed. Problems, problems. No one ever seemed to have time to relax and be happy these days. Not like the '60s and '70s that Father liked to talk about. It was wonderful then, by all accounts.

Father was a Sicilian from Palermo who had come to London 20 years ago. He was still loyal to his native country, passionately defending its dignity against all challengers. Franco thought him amusingly old-fashioned, but on the whole

he was right. What else would you dream about after each member of your family had acquired his own single-color, single-shape Eurocar? But a lot of Europe's beaches had been acquired by holiday camps, and seaside property had become hideously expensive. If only Father had remembered Mark Twain's excellent advice on how to make money: "Buy land; they've stopped making it." Even a modest plot, bought in 1973, was worth 20 times its original price.

Franco's attractive Dutch secretary broke into his thoughts. "The computer," she said, "has been on the phone again." Franco cursed. Damn the computer. Orwell had been right: the wretched things were taking over. You rarely talked to business contacts these days—you made your deal directly with a computer. No more business lunches, no more cocktail parties. It was all very efficient, of course, and productivity had speeded up enormously. But where was the fun?

Computers had taken over in many other fields. When one went for a medical checkup, for example, one was closely questioned by one of these monsters. Hypochondriacs were having a hard time, because the wretched thing was both accurate and ruthless. Then there was the computer at Mario's school. (Mario was his younger brother.) It had replaced the old order several years ago. Computers, it was argued, were far better at teaching mathematics, physics and foreign languages than people—and, of course, they lasted longer.

But you could not argue with a computer, or play tricks on it, or even bring it an apple.

Franco sighed. It was a computer, no doubt, that had standardized all the food in Europe to the point where everything tasted like frozen fish-fingers. Computers wrote songs and turned out plays and musicals by simply juggling with all previously successful formulas. They produced nearly all political speeches in the same cold-blooded manner, and they were soon to take over the actual selection of candidates for office.

Just about the only area where they had not made much progress was sex. Oh, it had been tried. There was that scheme in 1980 under which each family in Europe was to be allocated permits for a certain number of children, and which compelled everyone with an IQ of less than 100 to be sterilized. The IQ tests, of course, were to be administered by computers. There had been an enormous row about it in the European Parliament, and the proposal had been only narrowly defeated.

Just as well. There had already been quite enough changes in this particular area. At one time, if Father was to be believed, sex was a relatively simple matter. You just got on with it. Not today. The puritanical backlash in the late '70s, which followed the so-called age of permissiveness, had produced all kinds of rules and regulations. Necking in public was prohibited throughout Europe and trial marriages were out. All the strip clubs had been closed in 1977, and there were no more shows like *Oh! Calcutta!* Women's lib had also changed the whole male-female relationship. All over Europe now, women were the aggressors. Even Italians, Spaniards and Frenchmen, who had held out the longest, readily acknowledged the fact.

Franco's Danish-born wife had proposed to him, fixed their wedding date, and bought their house. She earned more money than he did, and paid most of the bills. She decided when, and where, they were to have sex and, no doubt, kept a lover on the side. When he had remonstrated—once—she had told him that as the breadwinner, she was entitled to call the tune. She had gone on to suggest that his job was irrelevant: Why didn't he stay at home and become a house-husband?

Well, he wasn't going to. At least, not yet. Indeed, tonight he would take the initiative for once. For years he had promised to take his wife to see *The Mousetrap*, which had opened in 1952. He had finally managed to get some tickets—she would be glad to see it before it closed. Afterward they would go to that new American restaurant in Soho—it was said to be splendidly successful in recapturing the mood of old England. Life could be worse.



harmless. He simply belonged to a different era. Patriotism meant nothing to the young people of today. There had been an attempt, some years earlier, to popularize a European anthem and a European flag but neither had been taken seriously. People moved freely across national frontiers, there was a common European currency and members of the European Parliament were elected by direct vote. There were European trade unions, multinational political parties, and even a European football team. But it was hard to feel as emotional about this vast conglomerate as Father still seemed to be about his native Sicily.

The greater concentration of power in centers like Brussels had put more emphasis on loyalty to regions, rather than to nation-states or Europe as a whole. But even this did not matter much, because people were moving around so much more. It was quite common for the better-off to have a second home somewhere in the sun. The British had deserted their own seaside towns and moved to areas like Calabria; the Italians, less concerned with holiday sunshine, had bought houses and apartments in Cornwall and Ireland.

Franco bitterly reflected that if he had been born twelve years earlier, he would have found it relatively simple to do the same. It was his dearest wish to have a small apartment in Calabria; what else was there after you had installed three color television sets, two refrigerators, and all the other ne-



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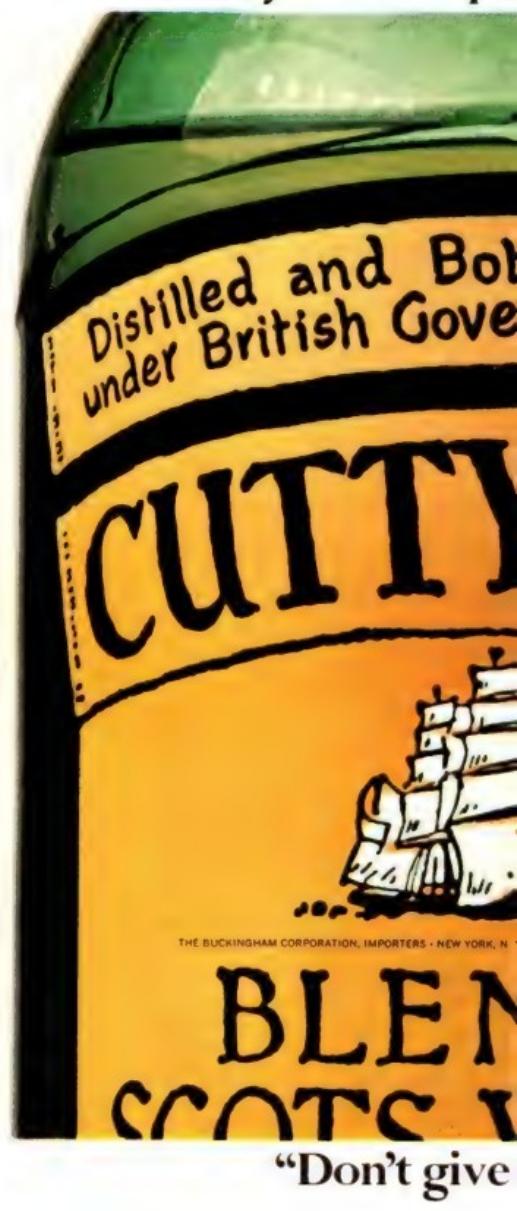
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PEOPLE

LATHEMEN—FREDERIC EISELE

For once, **Gloria Steinem**, 36, the ranking elder stateswoman of Women's Lib, did not have the first word. **Jack Lemmon**, 48, the actor whose movie about a middle-aged sell-out, *Save the Tiger*, is big at the box office, beat her to it. Both were in Cambridge, Mass., to receive awards from Harvard's Hasty Pudding Theatricals. Lemmon allowed that Ms. Steinem "scared the hell out of me." Would he rather be Man of the Year than Person of the Year? Replied Lemmon: "...I'm glad to be anything!" Steinem was somewhat more partisan. Accepting an award "For Outstanding Contribution to Personhood," she remarked: "It was important that I come here to end 125 years of sexual deprivation at Hasty Pudding." With that the curtain went up on the annual Hasty Pudding show, *Bewitched Bayou*, and a Harvard cast in drag—with only one pair of shaved armpits.

Does **Howard Hughes** know some secret about the latest thing in resorts? Hiding out in the Bahamas or slumming in Managua, Nicaragua, is one thing. But the island of Jersey? Reports had it that Hughes was eying one or another of two vast medieval manor houses surrounded by oceans of greenery, both priced at near \$2.4 million. What was there about the Channel island that could bring Hughes out of seclusion in the ninth floor of London's Inn on the Park hotel? Certainly not the fact that Jersey would charge him very little in the way of taxes, for, as an American abroad, Hughes could skip taxes only on the first \$20,000 of his U.S.-earned income. The weather? Jersey is one of the sunniest places in the British Isles. Ibiza, move over.

Liberated Woman Germaine Greer, author of the bestselling book *The Female Eunuch*, is rarely without something shocking to say. Still, British readers who picked up her regular column in London's *Sunday Times* were bemused. IT'S TIME VD WAS SOCIALLY ACCEPTED, the headline announced, and the story went on to argue, with slightly Shavian logic, that the pox is now so prevalent that no one who has it should be obliged to feel guilty. "I wish at this point I could announce publicly I had had a venereal disease," Ms. Greer concluded. "Despite a lifetime of service to the cause of sexual liberation, I have never caught venereal disease, which makes me feel rather like an Arctic explorer who has never had frostbite."

Once again shaking hands proved to be a politician's biggest occupational hazard. In the reception line at the Democratic Party's new headquarters in Chicago's LaSalle Hotel, Mayor **Richard J. Daley** found himself touching skin with **Joel Weisman**, political reporter for

Chicago Today. Weisman had recently published several stories that embarrassed the mayor, including one about his son John Patrick, who seemed to bring millions of dollars of city business with him to a recent job with an Evanston insurance agency. Shaking Daley's hand firmly, Weisman congratulated the mayor on "your beautiful headquarters." The mayor thanked him politely. Still gripping Daley's hand, Weisman leaned forward and asked, "By the way, when will you be releasing your promised statement on your some economic interests?" Pulling back and trying to shove Weisman off down the line, Daley yelled: "Well, when I do, I sure ain't going to give it to you or your newspaper. You never printed a true thing in your life." Weisman answered: "If you give it to me, I'll print every comma and period—and I presume, since you'll be saying it, it'll be true." "Reporter, huh?" bellowed Daley as Weisman walked away. "If you're a reporter, I am a ballet dancer."

What's a little backslapping between friends? The backslapping between President **Richard Nixon** and Actress **Debbie Reynolds**, however, had reached such a pitch that it sounded suspiciously like a claque. Debbie, who was one of the supporting cast of big stars at Nixon's San Clemente pre-election party, limped into Washington last month with a revival of the 1919 musical *Irene*—and, despite help from Fellow Trouper **Patsy Kelly**, got only so-so reviews. Except for one. On the aisle was Debbie's old friend the Chief Executive himself—attending a D.C. theater for the first time as President. Afterward he predicted that when the play reaches Broadway, it will be a big hit, "perhaps not with the New Yorkers but



DEBBIE & PATSY SITTING PRETTY

with the out-of-towners." Then he called Debbie "a superstar." Immediately advance sales jumped at the box office: matinees were almost sold out until late June. Debbie and Carrie, her daughter by **Eddie Fisher**, who is in the chorus of the show, joined the Nixons and **Norman Vincent Peale** for prayers at the White House. Again, the President praised *Irene*. March 13 Debbie will face the New York critics, who may have more trouble giving Debbie and *Irene* a hand.

In each successive frame the royal expression got curioser and curioser. With her camera resting on her lap in the best tourist manner, **Queen Elizabeth** was cheerfully taking tea and watching a parade of elephants while on her tour of Thailand last year. Suddenly, in a series of baffling photographs just published in London, Elizabeth reg-



QUEEN ELIZABETH APPARENTLY SITTING ON SOMETHING UNSETTLING

PEOPLE

istered first dismay, then pain, then a rictus of what looked like sheer agony. Was it that tea? A tack on the chair? Back trouble? Horst Ossinger, the German photographer who caught the moment with a telephoto lens, and won the Holland World Press Photo Contest prize for it, doesn't know. And the Queen isn't telling.

Meyer Lansky, 70, the mystery man widely thought to be one of the financial wizards of organized U.S. crime, at last got his comeuppance, or at least some of his comeuppance. On the lam from the IRS since 1970, he was refused Israeli citizenship. Lansky finally returned to Miami to face trial on a criminal contempt charge—for failure to obey a subpoena. Lansky swore that his doctor had declared him too ill to make the long trip home. Nonetheless, the

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MEYER LANSKY CONVICTED OF CONTEMPT
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jury found him guilty. Now Lansky faces a charge of income tax evasion and one of skimming the profits off Las Vegas casinos, both with long-term sentences. After posting bonds totaling \$650,000, he was temporarily free to ponder the high price of crime.

No matter what everyone else was saying about the Met's million-dollar Greek vase (TIME, March 5), John D. Cooney, curator of ancient art at the prestigious Cleveland Museum, had his own outspoken opinion. Were the Metropolitan Museum and Thomas Hoving in the wrong to pick up the 2,500-year-old krater that may have been bootlegged out of Italy? "Ninety-five percent of ancient art material in this country has been smuggled in," Cooney said. "If the museums began to send back all the smuggled material to their countries of origin, the museum walls would be bare." Back at the Met, Curator of Greek and Roman Art Dietrich von Bothmer reacted to Cooney's words. "It's so crude," he said.



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Inside People's Daily

The four-story headquarters of the *People's Daily* on Peking's busy Wang Fu Ching Street bears scant resemblance to a Western newspaper office. A People's Liberation Army soldier with fixed bayonet patrols the main entrance and bars passage to anyone lacking an appointment. Inside, there is no bustle of copy boys, no chorus of jangling telephones. The *People's Daily* is plainly not a normal newspaper; it is the voice of the Chinese Communist Party. That fact—plus a circulation of 3.4 million—makes it China's most influential publication.

The six-page paper seems largely a collection of features. A typical assignment for the staff might call for something as timely as coverage of changes in Chinese education. "In such a case," explains Chen Chun, one of the paper's seven chief editors, "we would send out dozens of our cadres all over the country to universities and middle schools to investigate the situation there. Then there would be an article written collectively"—a process that can take up to a month. Once completed, *People's Daily* articles carry headlines noted for their painful solemnity: HOW TO TRANSFORM ONESELF INTO BELIEVING IN THE MASSES INSTEAD OF ONESELF OR LET'S ALL LEARN REVOLUTIONARY THEORY AND GET RID OF EXPERIMENTALISM.

Such hortatory headlines do not convey the most significant message of *People's Daily*. That comes in the pages devoted to news. So subtle does the process get that foreign readers are better served by a ruler than a glossary. A recent visit by a Chinese medical team to the U.S., for instance, was given more space than a trip by the same team to France, a sure sign—experts claim—of China's priorities in foreign affairs. Several weeks ago, two large, front-page pictures of Henry Kissinger with Chairman Mao Tse-tung confirmed to China watchers that another than Sino-American relations was indeed occurring.

Lest skeptics complain that such analyses are the product of overactive imaginations, Sinologists relate a revealing vignette from President Nixon's visit to Peking. After the banquet in the Great Hall of the People, Premier Chou En-lai went off to a corner. There he was shown the *People's Daily* front-page layout of pictures of the Nixon trip. That historic issue went to press only af-

ter Chou—the world's most famous part-time editor—approved it.

As the voice of China, *People's Daily* has its own peculiar idea of what constitutes news. The Apollo moon landings did not meet the paper's standards: "In our view," says one editor, "there are a lot of more important things happening on earth." Despite its unusually large staff (about 1,000, including printers), the *People's Daily* has only two foreign correspondents—one in Tokyo and one soon to be based in London. Most of the rest of its news is pro-

President subpoenaed representatives of four news organizations: the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Washington Star-News* and *TIME*.

The subpoenas were all related to three civil suits arising from bugging of the Democratic National Headquarters in the Watergate last June. Former Democratic National Committee Chairman Lawrence F. O'Brien and Robert S. Strauss, the new chairman, are seeking \$6.4 million in damages from former Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans, finance chairman of the re-election committee, and others, including the seven men who either pleaded guilty or were convicted on charges stemming from the Watergate affair. In return, Stans is suing O'Brien for \$5,000,000 for libel and is asking \$2.5 million for "abuse of process" (in effect claiming that the Democrats have filed their suits to harass him).

In pursuing Stans' countersuit, Lawyer Kenneth Wells Parkinson said that he served the subpoenas to learn about any libelous statements that Democrats may have made about Republicans during last year's presidential campaign. So broad was the information demanded by the subpoenas that *Washington Post* Executive Editor Benjamin Bradlee commented: "They've asked for everything except the lin in our pockets."

Invasion. Included in the material demanded from *TIME* White House Correspondent Dean Fischer are "all documents, papers, letters, photographs, audio and video tapes" that deal with the June 17 break-in at the Watergate, and with the operations of anyone who dealt in espionage activities against the Democrats during the campaign. Also required are Fischer's "manuscripts, notes, tape recordings of communication involving a vast array of people, including George McGovern, members of his campaign staff, the Washington metropolitan police department and members of the Democratic National Committee.

The sweep of the subpoenas brought a sharp retort from news executives. New York *Times* Publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger said: "The *Times* will take all legal steps to have the subpoena quashed." Officials of *TIME* declared that such a sweeping subpoena is an "invasion" of Fischer's rights under the First Amendment. They explained that "While *Time Inc.*'s policy does not demand resistance to every subpoena of a newsman, the crucial factor here is that there has been no showing whatsoever that the documents and information demanded of Mr. Fischer are necessary to the resolution of the case. With the full assistance of *Time Inc.*, Fischer will file a motion to quash the subpoena." The *Washington Post* said it, too, would oppose the subpoenas, while the *Washington Star* said its four subpoenaed reporters would answer but "will not violate the public's constitutional guarantee of a free press by revealing any privileged information."



FRONT PAGE OF "PEOPLE'S DAILY" AFTER KISSINGER VISIT
Seeing the world through Mao's eyes.

vided by China's Hsinhua news agency.

When they are not in the field, *People's Daily* staffers spend most of their time working out articulations of policies already determined by the party. The daily 3 a.m. deadline is ignored if late-breaking news dictates. But Sinologists find *People's Daily* worth waiting for; its comments and its attitude toward stories provide a means of looking at the world through Chairman Mao's eyes.

Subpoenas (Contd.)

While Sam Ervin's Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights met for a second week to hear testimony on possible legislation to protect newsmen's sources and notes, eleven more reporters and news executives were served with subpoenas demanding just such material. Attorneys for the Committee for the Re-Election of the

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Happily, underneath it all, the Laguna is all Chevelle with a redesigned suspension for improved ride and handling. More leg room in the back seat. Flow-through power ventilation system. Front disc brakes.

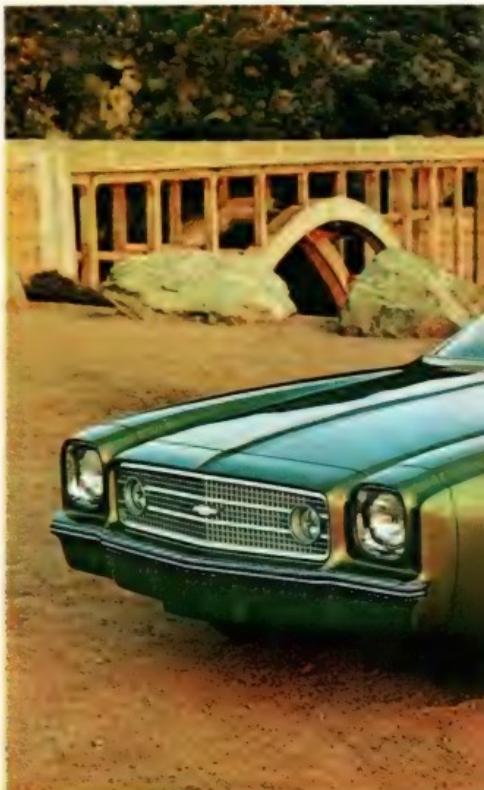
There's one other benefit you can look forward to. Traditionally high resale.

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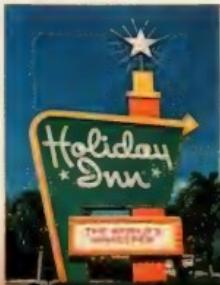
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SHOW BUSINESS & TV

Oh, You Militant Doll

It sounded like a natural. Make a movie adaptation of a classic domestic drama (A Doll's House) by one of the earliest analysts of the modern woman's dilemma (Henrik Ibsen). In the leading role of Nora, cast the most glamorous of women's Lib heroines (Jane Fonda). Have it directed by Joseph Losey (The Go-Between), a sympathizer with the feminist cause. Shoot it on location in the Christmas-card setting of Røros, Norway, and bring in such supporting players as David Warner (Nora's husband, Torvald), Trevor Howard (Torvald's friend, Dr. Rank), Edward Fox (the blackmailer, Krogstad) and France's Delphine Seyrig (Nora's girlhood companion, Kristine). Terrific, right? Says Losey: "I hated every bloody minute of it." TIME's Jessie Birnbaum, who was on hand for some of the action, explains why:

Jane came on flanked grimly by Delphine Seyrig—an ardent liberationist—and American Nancy Ellen Dowd, a part-time editor and Jane's full-time ideologue for women's rights—the sort of girl who goes around flashing her well-fingered copy of Ellen Frankfort's *Vaginal Politics*. Jane suggested that Nancy should be hired by the movie company. She was, at \$350 a week.

But stars are never satisfied. Addressing Director Losey, Jane declared solemnly: "We have serious objections to the script." These came mainly in the form of voluminous notes, written largely by Nancy. They demanded no fewer than 70 pages of changes in the 104-page script. As a result, Losey nearly lost Screenwriter David Mercer, who, according to one member of the company, was "utterly humiliated" by the ordeal.

Losey did lose two precious weeks of rehearsal as well as his temper. Once, he ordered Delphine Seyrig off the set for interfering; on another occasion, he threw Nancy Ellen Dowd out of a script conference for the same reason. The entire project, in fact, nearly lost Losey, who would have quit had he not undertaken an extensive financial stake in the film.

The script changes were either attempts to improve on Ibsen (Jane wanted the line "the law is wrong" to become "the law should be changed"), or they were insertions of stagey speeches that had been cut for the sake of cinematic fluidity. Losey, who objected to the "platform tone" in which Fonda performed these insertions, recalls: "Ibsen says everything five times, so three times in the film was more than enough. Jane wanted it said all five times."

Jane also implied that the adaptation had been written by a misogynist. Torvald, Rank and Krogstad—all the

men—had been portrayed much too sympathetically. The script failed to reflect a true understanding of women, especially their relationship with one another as expressed in the scenes between Nora and Kristine. Jane devoted long hours to working out these scenes with Delphine. So much did the two women kiss and touch each other before the camera that Director Losey had to complain about the unwarranted intrusion of lesbianism into the story.

At the laborious script conferences, Jane kept insisting, "I understand because I'm a woman." She speculated on how much more interesting it would



LOSEY & FONDA ON LOCATION
Three times was enough.

have been for women to have written, directed, and edited the film, but it was too late for that. For that matter, it was a source of constant astonishment to Jane that a man had been able to write the play in the first place. "Now I know what it feels like to be a nigger," groused one of the leading men. Almost daily, Jane would announce to some actor as she arrived on the set: "Here are some new cues for you."

Except when the script required her to do so, or when she was issuing new cues, Jane never spoke to any of the male actors in the production. "My God, I never even met the woman!" roared Trevor Howard after leaving Norway. The only man in Røros who saw her socially was her house guest (and now husband), Radical Leader Tom Hayden.

What is most surprising is that after those five frantic weeks in Norway,

Joe Losey—back in his home base of London—is convinced that he has "an exceptionally good picture." It is scheduled for release in the U.S. next fall. He believes that some of Jane's changes actually helped improve the movie, and that her acting for the most part was "superb." It is also true that he "covered" himself with supplementary scenes in such a way that he can cut out Jane's verbosity in the editing wherever it gets in the way.

Her last scene in Røros never got on film. She arrived 90 minutes late to a farewell party given by Losey for about 250 residents of the town. After she sat down at one of the tables, an angry member of the film crew scolded her for her behavior. "I'm a cardholder in the British Communist Party," he concluded somewhat irrelevantly, then added, "and I think you stink." Jane instantly burst into tears and left the party. Nobody heard a door slam.

Viewpoints

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT by Eugene O'Neill. ABC. Saturday, March 10, 8-11 p.m. EST.

It is odd that the first U.S. television production of America's greatest play comes from England, but even the most rabid "Buy-American" fanatic can welcome this import from Britain's National Theater. It may well be the most interesting *Long Day's Journey* since the original New York production in 1956.

He wrote the play, Eugene O'Neill said, with pity, understanding and forgiveness for "all the four haunted Tyrones," the name he used for his own family. In most productions of the play, James Tyrone, the father, a former matinee idol, dominates like some whirlpool of possessive energy and emotion that swallows everyone around him. Laurence Olivier captures the power, but he also shows the old man's vulnerability, his tenderness and, most of all, his pain and guilt as he watches his wife Mary retreat once again into the fogs of drug addiction.

Mary's retreat—which is a flight into the past as well—provides the structural unity of the play. Constance Cummings makes her long day's journey not only believable but, in a sense, necessary. With remnants of beauty, she is still the coquette James Tyrone once fell in love with, as well as the too-loving mother of his sons. If Olivier shows Tyrone's softness as well as his hardness, Cummings shows Mary's hardness as well as her softness—and the desperation that puts her need for drugs ahead of her love for her family.

As the two sons, Denis Quilley and Ronald Pickup are more than adequate but, by comparison with Olivier and Cummings, less than satisfying. Quilley lacks Jamie's brass as kind of Broadway boudoir; Pickup fails to capture the boyish, romantic openness of the 23-year-old Edmund. O'Neill's image of his



OLIVIER IN "LONG DAY'S JOURNEY"

Softness in hardness.

youthful self. Still, both succeed in expressing some of the play's sorrow and outrage at life's pattern of betrayal. "None of us can help the things life has done to us," Mary says at one point. "They're done before you realize it, and once they're done they make you do other things until at last everything comes between you and what you'd like to be, and you've lost your true self forever."

STICKS AND BONES by David Rabe. CBS. Friday, March 9, 9-11 p.m. E.S.T.

The greatest national trauma since the Civil War, the U.S. involvement in Viet Nam, has yet to be exorcised in drama or fiction. One early attempt is *Sticks and Bones*. Last year's Tony Award winner on Broadway, it is a harrowing play that probes the country's unaccepted guilt and pain.

A blinded combat veteran (Cliff DeYoung) returns home to the prototypical family of TV sitcoms. The father (Tom Aldredge) is glued to football on the tube. The mother (Anne Jackson) busies herself waiting on her husband and their younger son (Alan Caulfield), who serves as a kind of bucktoothed Greek chorus of one. To ease the pain of memory, the veteran is force-fed clichés, sleeping pills and a refrigerator full of fudge, milk and soda pop. When none of their remedies works, he is offered the only other solution the family knows—suicide—and put out on the curb with all the other garbage.

It is strong stuff for commercial TV, stronger even than it seemed on the New York stage. Judicious pruning and rewriting have sharpened Playwright Rabe's savage satire, while the TV format has liberated the play from a living-room set, showing that the family is surrounded by a whole world of other equally banal—and equally murderous—families.

■ Gerald Clarke

Flimsy Fun

Musis is to dance what time is to life—indispensable, but often taken for granted. This, fortunately, is not the case with the City Center Joffrey Ballet. There the accent is definitely on music. Not only does the company dance to Varese, Mayuzumi, blues, rock, jazz or electronic music, but it also picks up on even newer fashions with dizzying alacrity and brio. Indeed, there are times when the youthful Joffrey troupe (average age: 20) suggests a band of teen-agers dancing in front of a pop-classical jukebox. That makes Joffrey performances fun to watch—and hear. Alas, it frequently makes them somewhat flimsy and superficial.

Last week, early in its current six-week season in Manhattan, the Joffrey was busy mixing fun with flimsiness to a sometimes annoying degree. *Jive*, by the talented young choreographer Eliot Feld, borrowed Morton Gould's Benny Goodman-esque *Derivations for Clarinet and Band* and set out to pay tribute to the jazz dances of the 1930s and 1940s. What it actually accomplished was to certify all over again that nobody, including Feld, can match Jerome Robbins (*Interplay*) at the art of choreographing to slick jazz.

Deuce Coupe, by Guest Choreographer Twyla Tharp, was set to a 30-minute anthology of recorded hits by the Beach Boys, sultans of surfdom in the early 1960s. Now enjoying a new wave of popularity, the Beach Boys have a distinctive style that combines close vocal harmony with innocent, unconcerned bounce. *Deuce Coupe* had little harmony and even less bounce. The choreography was an attempt to

contrast classical ballet with the popular dances of the past decade or so. The result was a suspension not unlike the average salad dressing: it stayed together only when shaken frequently. The corps of boys and girls—drawn from both the Joffrey and Tharp companies—did its best, wiggling and jerking in ways that sometimes recalled the old one-reeler days. But the result was too much of a campy, flippant "in" joke.

Fortunately, one could always concentrate on the novel doings upstairs. There, standing before three huge, upwardly unwinding panels of paper, toiled a happy handful of subway graduates who used spray-paint cans to demonstrate that most up-to-date and with-it of minimal arts—graffiti.

More rewarding was the aptly named *Jackpot* by Gerald Arpino, the company's resident choreographer. It was a mod, witty duet that suggested a Greek god and goddess having a sexual romp in outer space. As the curtain lifted, a shower of colored star beams descended to reveal Glenn White flexing his muscles on a cube-shaped platform. From behind the cube popped the curvy figure of Erika Goodman, who led White on a merry chase that culminated twelve minutes later in a highly suggestive climax. The cube lit up, a smoke bomb went off, rubber balls soared through the air like mad meteorites and the lights cut off in a final blackout. *Jackpot* was gimmicky, erotic and decidedly brash. It was also, every minute of it, thoroughly charming. The humor that Arpino found in an electronic score called *Synaps* may or may not have been intended by Composer Jacob Druckman, but if he is wise, Druckman will claim it.



SCENE FROM "DEUCE COUPE" AT THE CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET
Like teen-agers in front of a grandiose jukebox.

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A company that builds a safe car because someone else made them do it?

Or a company that builds a safe car because their conscience made them do it?

VOLVO



MEDICINE

Private-Practice Nurses

Like many nurses, Lucille Kinlein, 51, considered hospital work restrictive. Frustrated by lack of authority, she felt that a nurse functioned as a mere tool of the physician. Unlike most nurses, she decided to do something about it. In May 1971, she rented an office in suburban College Park, Md., and hung out her shingle as one of the nation's first independent nurse-practitioners.

Nurse Kinlein's practice is more limited than a doctor's. Because she is not a physician, she will not diagnose major illnesses or prescribe medication;

male and two female nurses recently opened an office in Bay Shore, N.Y., changes dressings and treats wounds, gives injections and teaches patients to inject themselves. He also draws blood, instructs diabetics and heart patients in proper dietary practices and provides post-operative care. Juanita Woods, 37, a Greenville, S.C., psychiatric nurse, offers even more specialized services. She works with a minister and a social worker to provide psychological counseling to patients who might not otherwise see psychiatrists or psychologists.

Cutting Costs. Many of the patients are elderly or chronically ill; without the independent nurse-practitioner they periodically would have to check into hospitals or visit doctors for treatment. Patients in rural areas or inner-city ghettos, who tend to be suspicious of doctors or hospitals, often find it easier to discuss their problems with the private-practice nurses.

Most independent nurse-practitioners continue to work closely with physicians. Koltz, for example, requires written instructions from a patient's physician before he will administer care. Most nurse-practitioners also depend upon physicians to refer at least some of their patients. A few doctors, doubtful of the nurse-practitioner's qualifications, will not make referrals. But many physicians seem to take a larger view, recognizing that the nurses can help make better health care available to more people.

There is no dispute about one point: nurse-practitioners can help to cut the costs of health care. The average nurse-practitioner charges \$5 plus the cost of materials for an office visit and \$10 for the house calls that constitute the major part of their practices. Most doctors charge at least \$10 for office visits and do not make house calls at all.

Winchell's Heart

Anyone who has watched him manipulate the wisecracking dummy he calls Jerry Mahoney knows that Paul Winchell, 50, is a talented ventriloquist. But few realize that he may be even more gifted off-camera than on. A gadgeteer with a flair for mechanical problem solving, Winchell has contributed to his own profession by developing new techniques for making dummies move and for animating films. Even more remarkable, he has also contributed to medical science. He has designed and patented a mechanical heart and is now participating in the artificial-heart research program at the University of Utah's medical school.

Inventing comes almost naturally to Winchell, a graduate of a New York school of industrial arts. At age 13, he realized that his sinus trouble seemed to ease when he held his nostrils open,

so he contrived a V-shaped gadget to do the job. Later he patented a transparent lens cap for cameras (to help the amateur who shoots with a lens cap on) and invented a device made out of plastic ice cube trays, used for transplanting seedlings.

At the age of 35, after returning to school at Columbia University, Winchell began discussing medicine with several doctor friends; he was soon borrowing their medical books and looking over their shoulders in operating rooms. After watching doctors lower a patient's body temperature prior to an operation by placing him in a tub of ice, Winchell invented a refrigerated, rubberized suit to do the job more easily.

But Winchell's most impressive invention is the artificial heart, which was



WINCHELL WITH SECTION OF ARTIFICIAL HEART
A talent for invention.

inspired in part by his mother's death from heart complications following a major infection. "I couldn't see any reason against an artificial heart; it doesn't do anything except pump," said Winchell. "If properly conceived and tied into the circulation system I saw no reason why it couldn't be successful."

After patenting his plastic heart pump in 1963, Winchell offered it to the American Medical Association and American Heart Association. Neither was interested at the time because Winchell had not produced a working model. But the University of Utah's Dr. Willem Kolff was. Kolff, who had already invented the first artificial kidney that patients could use, looked over Winchell's design and found it similar to one he had been working on. He invited the entertainer to work and experiment at the medical center (where Winchell also assisted in transplants).

Winchell has been so impressed by Kolff's work that he has turned his patent over to the University of Utah.



NURSE KINLEIN WITH PATIENT
An extension of the client.

nor does she read X rays or set fractures. But she can still bring the benefits of her training to those who visit her comfortable, informally furnished office, where she treats minor injuries, teaches patients to care for themselves, and helps them to decide when they should see a doctor. "I'm not focusing on disease, but rather on the person and his perspective of his own health," she explains. "I'm an extension of the client, not the doctor."

Other nurses are following in her footsteps. Complaining that hospital routines leave them too little time to minister to any but the patient's most immediate needs, they are turning in increasing numbers to private practice, offering their services directly to the public.

Though both tradition and regulations prevent nurses from performing many of the functions of physicians, the nurse-practitioners find plenty to do. Charles Koltz Jr., 29, a mustachioed male nurse, who together with another

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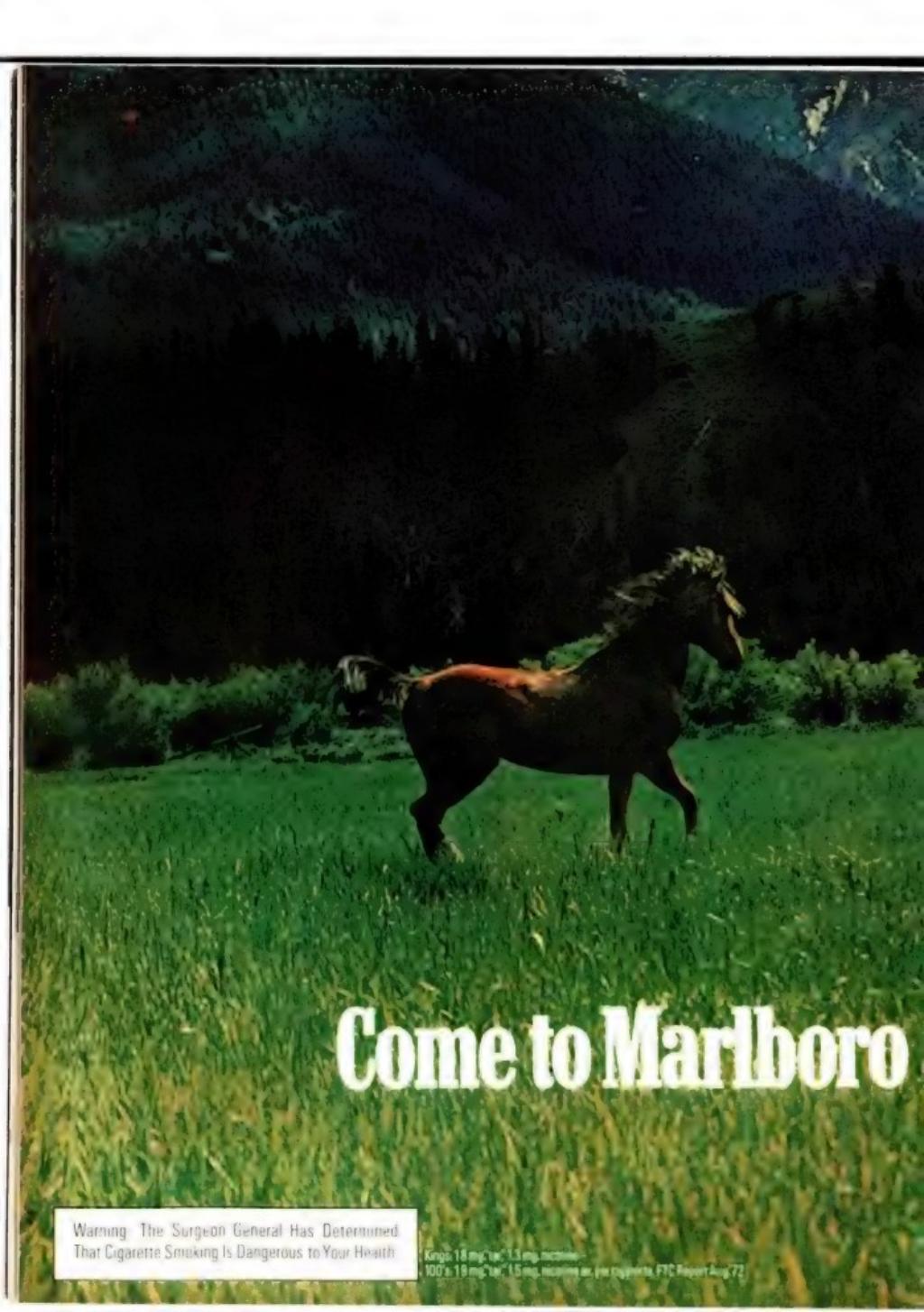
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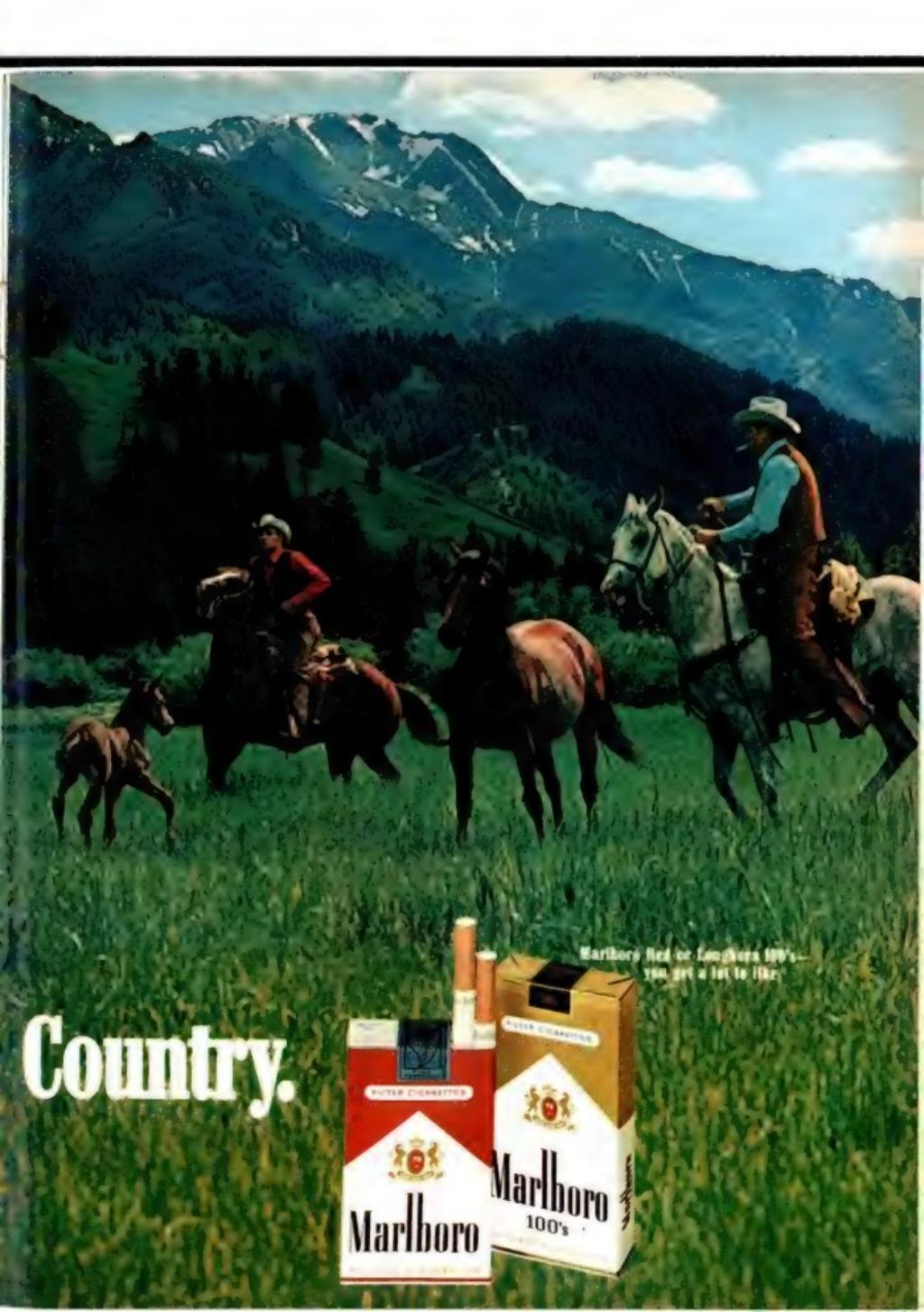
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Kings: 18 mg "tar," 1.5 mg nicotine.
100's: 19 mg "tar," 1.6 mg nicotine per cigarette. FTC Report Aug. 72.



Country.

Marlboro Red or Lights 100's...
you get a lot to like.





After only two years, Capri is outselling every European car in America, except one. Here's why.

European cars used to come two ways. Plain and inexpensive, or sexy and expensive.

Then along came Capri. The first sexy European at a shamefully low price.

Check Capri's standard equipment:

Inside, it offers glove-soft vinyl bucket seats. (Sit inside one, and you get the feeling the whole car's been custom-built around you.)

In front of you, a handsome, European-styled instrument panel, with the rich look of woodgrain.

(There's also a special instrumentation group: tachometer, oil pressure gauge, ammeter, temperature and fuel gauges. Standard on the V-6, optional on the 2000.)

The steering is rack-and-pinion; the type found on Europe's finest Grand Prix racing cars.

And the gearshift gives you four forward speeds that let you really take over.

Check also: Power-assisted front disc brakes. Styled steel wheels. Front and rear stabilizer bars. Radial ply tires. All standard. (Standard. Think of it.)

Now, for the latest options. For a little extra, you can have a sun roof, vinyl top, select-shift automatic transmission and special decor group shown at left.

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That's why, after only two years, Capri's outselling every European car in America, except one.

And we're still moving up.

Capri. The first sexy European at a shamefully low price.

Imported for Lincoln-Mercury.

where Kolff has already kept calves alive for as long as 14 days with artificial hearts of his own design. Winchell's work may help improve upon that record.

Capsules

► Whether with black coffee or enforced abstinence, sobering up an intoxicated alcoholic is a slow process that usually takes anywhere from eight to 48 hours. Now a team of Lynn, Mass., emergency-room physicians has found a way to do the job faster. Drs. Louis Kunian, James Wasco and Lawrence Hulefeld of Lynn Hospital report in *Emergency Medicine* that intravenous infusions of fructose, a sugar found in fruit, can sober up a drunk with unusual speed. However the fructose works—the doctors speculate that it may inhibit alcohol's effects on the nervous system—the sugar is undoubtedly efficient. Of 30 alcoholics treated thus far, all but one sobered up in 2½ hours or less.

► Visual defects are common among American preschool children, the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness estimates that one child out of every 20 has an eye problem that, if uncorrected, can interfere with his intellectual and psychological development. And frequently the problem is not detected until the child enters school. That unfortunate delay may be avoided if parents use a simple do-it-yourself eye test developed by the NSPB. The child is simply asked to study E-shaped figures on a chart from a distance of 10 ft. If he can tell which way the arms of the E are pointing on a specific line, he is probably using his eyes effectively. If he cannot describe the letters, or can read them with one eye but not the other, he should be taken to a doctor for a complete eye examination.

► Ever since American doctors returned from the People's Republic of China with enthusiastic reports on the country's hospitals and clinics, interest in Chinese medicine has increased enormously in the U.S. Doctors at several major U.S. medical centers have organized programs to study acupuncture, the Chinese technique of treating illness and inducing anesthesia by inserting needles at certain points in the body. Politicians, public health officials and hospital administrators are trying to learn more about how the Chinese cope with disease and provide medical care. To help spread the word about Chinese medicine, a group of American and European physicians has decided to publish a journal devoted entirely to the subject. Scheduled to appear twice a year, the *American Journal of Chinese Medicine* will, according to its editor, Dr. Frederick Kao of the State University of New York's Downstate Medical Center, "try to advance the cultural exchange of theories, techniques and attitudes that should promote the development of medical sciences in both East and West."

EDUCATION

A Source of Ideas

Memo to the principal: Do not be alarmed if your teachers walk up stairs with toes pointed in, then down again with toes pointed out. Or if they break into deep knee bends at the blackboard. Or if, standing in the lunchroom, they tighten first their feet, then their lower legs, thighs, buttocks and abdominal muscles.

Such antics do not mean they need a vacation; they have simply been reading Physical Fitness Expert Bonnie Pruden's article in *Learning*, the newest, brightest education magazine for the 1.8 million U.S. elementary and junior high school teachers.

The March issue ranges from an article on new gains by teachers' unions to a progress report on the education of the handicapped. One teacher, Wanda Gray, explains how she encourages self-expression and understanding by assigning the pupil to interview his parents. What was school like when they were eleven? The children then make taped or written documentaries of their home and neighborhood. What is bedtime like? How does it sound when you get up in the morning?

Learning was founded by J. Vincent Drucker, 31, a marketing-research specialist and son of Peter Drucker, the management consultant, economist and educator. Three years ago, Vincent decided that "teachers, particularly innovative ones, thought of themselves as isolated, as under-exposed to new ideas." He managed to raise \$1.2 million to begin publication. As editor, he hired Frank McCulloch, 53, a veteran of TIME and LIFE magazines. Says

McCulloch: "A child comes to school with certain information, with feelings, with notions about life. It's the teacher's job to make the child more curious—not to treat him as an uninformed little person who must be enlightened."

Thus *Learning's* regular monthly features include a "Swap Shop" of tested teaching ideas and a centerfold poster that teachers can use as a lesson plan. This month's poster helps children evaluate the relationship between laws and basic rights. Future issues will include interviews with well-known child-development theorists—Jean Piaget, for example, and Bruno Bettelheim—and articles by authors who rarely write about education, such as Science-Fiction Novelist Ray Bradbury.

Despite its price (\$10 for nine issues a year), *Learning* has prospered since its first issue in November. Its advertising, averaging 14.6 pages per issue, is slightly below Drucker's original projections, but its paid circulation of 120,000 subscribers is slightly above. More than 99% of its mail from teachers has been favorable. *Learning* has even won praise from a competitor, David W. Cudhea, managing editor of *Saturday Review of Education*. It is, he says, a "bright new penny in the field."

End of a Strike

"I'm thrilled," said Philadelphia's Mayor Frank L. Rizzo. "Now I can walk around without some teachers jumping out at me."

What thrilled the onetime cop, who had vowed never to give in to the teachers' "arrogance," was that President Nixon's chief negotiator, Assistant Sec-

retary of Labor Willie Usery, had just settled the second-longest teacher strike in the nation's history. It had lasted eleven weeks and two days (two days short of the 1971 Newark walkout) of mounting bitterness that will not soon die. "I don't think we'll even try to talk to the scabs," said Fifth Grade Teacher Anne Philips.

The issues were the familiar ones. The teachers wanted a 34% salary increase, smaller classes, and fewer teaching hours in proportion to preparation time. The school board, then operating on a \$52 million deficit, claimed union demands would cost \$1 billion. When the board offered a pay raise of only 3%, the strike was on.

Court of Common Pleas Judge D Donald Jamieson issued an injunction to end the walkout. When the teachers ignored him, the confrontation got rougher. Some 317 teachers were arrested for picketing and will be arraigned for trial next week. Union Negotiators Frank Sullivan and John Ryan were jailed for contempt but were permitted to emerge each morning to continue negotiations, then returned behind bars at night. Teachers who continued to work (about 3,500 of the 13,000) suffered slippings and other harassment.

Divided City. In the background was the intractable division between blacks and whites. Philadelphia's teachers are 70% white, but 65% of the city's 285,000 public school pupils are black; of the city's 240,000 white children, more than half go to parochial schools, among them four children of Union Negotiator Ryan.

Throughout the long controversy, the city tried to maintain an appearance of business as usual. Some 260 of the 285 schools officially remained open part-time, local television stations broadcast supplementary lessons, and eight special "learning centers" were opened for college-bound seniors. Even this part-time education reached only about half the students. One senior, Marilyn Enkins, 17, got 1,500 student signatures on a petition protesting the poor quality of the substitute education but nobody at city hall would accept it.

The final pressure came from other unions, which said that their 100,000 members would shut down Philadelphia for a "day of conscience" if the strike was not settled by last Wednesday. At that, Usery closeted himself and the negotiators in a room on the seventh floor of the Penn Square Building. Fifty-two hours later, the room was a shambles of sandwich wrappers and coffee cups—and there was a settlement. The terms: \$99.5 million over four years. Mayor Rizzo, who had promised not to increase taxes, said he would raise the money through "a conglomerate of new taxes that won't affect the workingman."

"Everybody won," he insisted.

And the children who missed two months of school? A reporter wondered. "I agree," said Rizzo. "Everybody lost."



NEWEST MAGAZINE FOR TEACHERS

How does it sound when you get up in the morning?



EDITOR FRANK McCULLOCH AT WORK



DEAD & DYING EUCALYPTUS TREES ON THE SLOPES BEHIND BERKELEY, CALIF.

ENVIRONMENT

Tinder in the Hills

When a sudden cold spell struck the vast eucalyptus groves in the hills above Berkeley, Calif., last December, 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 of the tall trees died. Planted at the turn of the century in an ill-fated lumbering venture, the trees have now become a grave danger. Forestry and fire officials warn that the 3,000 acres of dead trees will present an unprecedented fire hazard this summer. The usual changing winds of late August and early September could fan a cigarette- or lightning-caused fire and send flames sweeping through the surrounding hills toward the bay and an area with 300,000 residents.

The danger is compounded because the eucalyptus continually sheds both its thin bark—which hangs from the upper portions of the tree in long, tendril-like strands—and its leaves. Together, bark and leaves form a thick and highly combustible layer of "duff" on the forest floor. The increased fall from dead and dying trees has now piled up to depths of 12 in. to 18 in. in some areas; there, the ground is covered by as much as 50 tons of debris per acre. In strong winds on a hot day, the duff could burn so furiously that huge updrafts of air would be created as the fire sought oxygen to feed itself. In such an event, says Berkeley Forestry Professor Harold Biswell, "we might have a fire storm that would literally suck roofs off houses."

To avoid that possibility, forestry experts say, one of two measures must be taken. Cutting down the dead trees would reduce the danger by 85%. That

would take three to six months and cost \$5,000,000. Another way out is to reduce through controlled burning the amount of duff under the trees. In either case, delay could be perilous. Similar conditions, on a smaller scale, existed during a fire in 1970, and only the fact that the wind suddenly died down kept that blaze from becoming a holocaust.

To avert a major catastrophe, a task force headed by Alameda County Assistant Director of Civil Defense William Hildebrand is trying to work out a practical plan, and hopes to finance it by obtaining funds under the Federal Disaster Act. Besides jurisdictional disputes (30-odd separate local and state authorities are involved), there is one major hitch: the money is available only when a disaster is "imminent," and federal officials say that danger of a conflagration in August or September does not meet that requirement. But if the necessary preventive measures will take up to six months to complete, how much more imminent can disaster be?

And Now, Superports

In Augusta, Me., last week, the state legislature began considering a bill that would control industrial development of the scenic coastline to prevent environmental damage. The measure has already stirred heated controversy throughout the state, but it has drawn little attention elsewhere, although one section of the bill may have effects far beyond the shores of Maine. It bans the establishment of deepwater oil ports anywhere in the state except Portland,

where the existing port is already operating at capacity.

Passage of the bill would thus close off the only stretch of the entire Gulf and Atlantic coastlines still available to supertankers. The huge ships, which can carry as much as 3,000,000 bbl. of oil, draw up to 89 ft. of water at dockside. Delaware, the only other state with harbors deep enough to handle the ships, is already off limits; in 1971, it passed a conservation law forbidding any more heavy industry—including oil-tanker facilities—on its shoreline.

Understandable as it is, the states' resistance will affect the growing energy crisis. Domestic reserves of oil are dwindling, and by 1980 the U.S. will have to import some 300 million tons of oil annually, most of it from the Middle East and Africa. The cheapest way by far of shipping oil to the U.S. is in supertankers. But where will the great ships unload their cargo?

Economic Shoals. Stymied on shore by the states, the Federal Government is looking for solutions at sea. The Nixon Administration would like private industry to build some kind of "superport" in federally controlled waters beyond the states' three-mile jurisdiction. One proposal is to construct "monobuoys," which cost about \$500 million and have already been tested off the coasts of the United Kingdom, Africa and Japan. Each buoy is moored 15 to 20 miles out to sea and connected by an underwater pipeline to shoreline facilities. Supertankers simply tie up to the buoy and pump oil into the pipeline while swinging with the tides and currents. Trouble is, oil is often spilled in the process and eventually washes ashore. For this reason the Japanese, with their new-found ecological fervor, are now shifting to an alternative: "sea islands."

These are not true islands at all, but great, floating metal docks that cost at least \$700 million and are anchored to the ocean floor. Prototypes already exist in the Persian Gulf, Caribbean Sea and off the British Isles. Tugs nudge the supertankers into berths where they unload. So little spillage occurs during this procedure that the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers is urging that sea islands or equivalents be built at several points off the Gulf and Atlantic coasts.

Texas and Louisiana are actively supporting the scheme. But along the Eastern Seaboard, there is strong resistance to the plan. In New Jersey, the state's two Senators angrily oppose the superport projects, and Governor William T. Cahill bluntly calls them "unacceptable." At congressional hearings on the subject last week, Delaware's Senator Joseph R. Biden warned that if just one tanker splits apart, the oil spill "probably would swallow up my whole state."

Corps of Engineers officials nonetheless feel that new techniques can be developed for preventing oil spills and for mopping them up quickly if they



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ENVIRONMENT

occur. But until such methods are proven to the satisfaction of a conservation-minded citizenry, the growing fleet of supertankers may well have to put in at existing deepwater ports in the Caribbean and Canada, where they can shift their oil to smaller tankers for entry into U.S. ports. That, too, is an expensive process. Thus, no matter which option is finally chosen, the cost of environmental protection will soon be reflected in higher prices for oil.

Week's Watch

► Long before he died last month, Los Angeles Tycoon John C. Tyler began to worry about the environment, which was noticeably deteriorating even in his exclusive residential neighborhood. "We used to look up from our home in Bel Air and see Conrad Hilton's house," says his widow. "No more. Half the time it isn't visible because of the smog." To provide more incentive for improving the environment, Tyler—an ex-farm boy who went on to cofound the Farmers Insurance Group—included an unusual provision in his will. He bequeathed \$5,000,000 to fund the Tyler Award, an international environmental equivalent of the Nobel Prize. The winner, chosen annually, will receive \$150,000.

The award will be presented to the person who has done the most to improve the environment. A panel of nine university leaders will pick the first winner in October, and California's Pepperdine University will administer the fund.

► During the winter months in Minneapolis, it is an ordeal for office workers to venture into the frigid streets on their way to lunch, shop or bank in other buildings. Now the ordeal is dimin-

ishing, thanks to a growing network of glass-enclosed, heated skyways linking downtown buildings at the second-story level. An estimated 200,000 pedestrians per day are using the ten skyways already completed; they are able to walk blocks without having to don a coat against the raw Minnesota weather. Though the skyways cost up to \$300,000 each, businessmen are so impressed with their popularity that they plan to build a web that will eventually connect 64 downtown blocks.

► Any city resident who thinks that air pollution, like rain, can be avoided by going indoors should think again. A ten-month federal study released last week revealed that apartment dwellers and office workers in buildings without central air conditioning are exposed to almost as much harmful carbon monoxide as people on the streets. Last winter, for example, the carbon monoxide level exceeded federal standards 47% of the time both inside and outside one test location. During the study the researchers investigated the air quality in buildings occupying the "air rights" over traffic-filled city streets. They took continuous samples in two tall New York City structures. One, towering above the relatively low buildings in uptown Manhattan, straddles a multilane highway leading to the George Washington Bridge; the other is a skyscraper in the highly congested midtown area. Even though many more cars travel under the uptown building than passed the midtown building every day, the carbon monoxide levels were higher in the conventional tower. Reason: the carbon monoxide, which winds readily sweep away from solitary skyscrapers, is trapped in the ill-ventilated, canyon-like midtown streets and then seeps into adjacent buildings.



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Kidnapping for Christ

Wes Lockwood, 20, a junior at Yale, had a dental appointment at 4 p.m. last Jan. 16. He never made it. Nor did he show up at 6 p.m. for his job as a dishwasher at the Faculty Club. He was next seen being driven through a tollgate on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, where he cried for help and said he was being kidnapped. Police stopped the car, which also contained two white men and a black. One of the whites convinced the cops that the boy was mentally ill. They then drove on to an apartment in Mansontown, Pa., 40 miles south of Pittsburgh. Lockwood was held captive there for 2½ days.

Thirteen days later, Dan Voll, 20, a good friend and former roommate of Lockwood's at Yale, was walking along 119th Street in Manhattan when a 6-ft. 2-in., 200-lb. white man grabbed him by the arm, and a smaller black man pushed him into a waiting car driven by a middle-aged white woman. "Don't you know you are possessed by de-

mons?" the woman said, according to Voll. The youth screamed for help so persistently that the police intervened and freed him, unhurt except for a dislocated finger.

The police might have pressed kidnapping charges against Voll's abductors except for one fact: they included his mother and father, a junior high school principal in Farmington, Conn. The Lockwood disappearance involved his father, a stockbroker in Los Angeles, plus an uncle. The black man in both cases was Ted Patrick, 42, a former community-relations consultant for California Governor Ronald Reagan. He now heads a "deprogramming" organization that helps parents recapture children who have taken up with exotic religious sects. Patrick, a church-going Methodist, began heretic hunting as a leader in the FREE COG (Free Our Children from the Children of God) movement, a parents' vigilante group organized to reclaim offspring who joined that authoritarian fundamentalist sect (TIME, Jan. 24, 1972). Now Pat-

rick claims to have an underground network of deprogrammers throughout the U.S. They have recovered, he says, some 600 youths from 61 different fundamentalist, pentecostal or Oriental religious sects during the past two years. "Team members" of the underground network say that Patrick charges no fee for his services except what is necessary for travel and other expenses. He also claims that the child's parents must assume the basic responsibility for any abduction. The abductions are justified. Patrick feels, because the youths have already been "psychologically kidnapped" by offbeat religious sects. Parents, he says, are only "rescuing" them.

Patrick and his team members—mostly concerned parents, already deprogrammed kids and an occasional clergyman—are not known to have any professional credentials in psychology. Nevertheless, they claim their treatment always works. They liken it to an encounter group session. Other accounts of deprogramming indicate that the process, which can last from two days to two weeks, is something between a brainwashing and an inquisition. According to Pat ("Biff") Alexander, 23, a former member of the Jesus movement



AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES PERFORMING THEIR RITUAL DANCES AT EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS AS VISITING PRELATES LOOK ON

"Spiritual Olympics" in Melbourne

It was hardly the type of Mass that might have been expected at a Eucharistic Congress, a Roman Catholic spectacular long noted for its traditional pomp. Australian aborigines wore only breechcloths, their bodies painted in geometric patterns of dots and streaks. Along with tribal women in short yellow skirts, they leaped and stomped and mimed their version of the Last Supper to the rhythm of clapping hands, tapping sticks and a primitive wood wind called the didgeridoo.

Lawrence Cardinal Shehan of Bal-

timore, who presided at the aboriginal liturgy before a crowd of 20,000 in Melbourne's Myer Music Bowl, wore a long chasuble decorated with a wood-block print of an aboriginal tribal totem. Before the consecration of bread and wine, the cardinal prayed: "Father, you made the rivers that gave us water and fish. You made the mountains and the flat country. You made the kangaroos and goannas and birds for us. You send the sun to keep us warm, the rain to make the grass grow and to fill the waterholes." The congregation

responded, "Father, you are good."

The week-long 40th International Eucharistic Congress, dubbed a "spiritual olympics," was notable for its liturgical boldness, but its ventures into the discussion of social problems were somewhat less original. A variety of seminars simply belabored the familiar problems of ecology and ecumenism. As for the aborigines, a number of tribal delegates to the congress walked out of a special seminar on aborigines when recommendations opposing racial discrimination were eliminated from the conference report. The tribal people, they said bitterly, had been brought to the congress as "exhibition niggers."



RELIGION

who recanted and is now a member of Patrick's team, the first step is an intensive interrogation, sometimes lasting from morning until midnight. This is designed to "break" the subject by demolishing his false religious views. When he is sufficiently pliable, his parents take him home with them for "finishing," the reconstruction of his old family and church ties.

Alexander participated in Wes Lockwood's successful reconditioning, along with Ted Patrick and Father Gregory Flohr, a religion teacher at Pennsylvania's Seton Hill College. Lockwood, who had been a devoted member of a small group called the New Testament Missionary Fellowship, at first resisted deprogramming. According to Biff Alexander: "He said we were all possessed by the devil, and that he was suffering for Jesus. He spoke in

complete success. He attends the evangelical church where he first committed himself to Christ. He now says he was not forcibly abducted by his father but went along willingly. "When I left Yale," he says, "I was a zombie. I had a shell around me. What the deprogrammers did was like unwrapping a mummy, taking off layer after layer of hardness, of the fear that they would destroy me or send me away."

Frailties. Jerry Sharpe of the Pittsburgh *Press* is perhaps the only journalist who has observed a deprogramming in process. It involved a girl from the Children of God who was imprisoned in a room near Pittsburgh until Ted Patrick could fly in to take charge of her. Patrick is "an amazing guy," says Sharpe. "This girl was clutching the Bible, staring ahead, and repeating 'Praise the Lord' all the time. Patrick walked over and ripped the Bible out of her hands so hard that he almost threw her against the wall. He said, 'You don't serve God; you serve the devil.' The idea is to get them angry, to get them shouting. He tricks them into a debate. He told me 'If I can get them communicating, I can always win. I say, 'Prove you are a Christian.' This shows up the person's own frailties.'

One deprogramming target, Arlene ("Patti") Thorpe, 23, a member of the Tony and Susan Alamo Christian Foundation, a commune of several hundred Jesus people in Saugus, Calif., escaped from a marathon ten-day grilling. Her mother, brother and stepfather captured her after a Sunday service at the Alamo commune and drove her 150 miles to what Patti calls "a grim, middle-class motel" in Chula Vista, Calif. Ted Patrick, whom she describes as a "soft-spoken middle-aged man who didn't look like he'd hurt anyone," first took her Bible away from her and then sent in five to ten deprogrammers at a time to work on her. "They told me I was crazy, possessed by demons. They said I hated God, and tried to humiliate her. They gave me no rest at all." Patti says she was kept up sometimes till 3 or 4 in the morning and awakened as early as 6 a.m. The deprogrammers took turns sleeping by the door in her room to prevent her from escaping. She tried screaming for help, but when nothing happened she persuaded her captors to let her go to her brother's house to think things over. She then escaped and took a taxi back to the Alamo foundation.

Many members of Ted Patrick's network see the Jesus sects not only as heretical but Communistic as well. William Rambur, of Chula Vista, a retired Navy lieutenant commander and a Roman Catholic whose own daughter is still with the Children of God after three attempts on his part to "rescue" her, says: "I can't come out and say they are affiliated with any known Communist organization, but their methods, teachings and way of life would indicate a Communist organization in some form. They follow that pattern of mind-

control and taking over youth. They talk about how they are going to destroy capitalistic society, organized churches, the school system and the family structure. They say they're going to destroy everything we stand for!"

Rambur, who now teaches high school auto mechanics, denies that Patrick's methods inhibit religious liberty. "We say, they had freedom of religion before they joined these groups and we're giving it back to them."

Rambur claims that the deprogrammers have had cooperation from the police, but the law is ambiguous. A Texas woman, Mrs. Bernard Parmetter, for example, armed with a can of Mace, abducted her son Lee. But authorities, in turn, forced her to release him because he was 21. Dan Voll, who was seized in New York, has filed an assault charge against Patrick; his lawyer, John Le-



DEPROGRAMMING TARGET DAN VOLL
Possessed by demons?

tongues." During the ordeal Wes was not allowed to leave the apartment where he was held in Masontown. "I worked harder that night than I had in years," says Father Flohr. "You have to talk and talk and talk until your head falls off." As Wes himself recounted the experience last week to TIME's Lois Armstrong, "they began pulling out Scripture, and asking me if I had answers to this passage or that. I ranted, raved and thrashed around. I was afraid they were going to drug me or put me in a mental hospital. I wanted to escape because a fear had been planted in me that my parents were working for the devil. I thought they were going to persecute me for my faith. Finally I realized my father wanted to show how much he loved me. I broke down and cried. Now I feel wonderful."

Wes is back home in Los Angeles, living with his parents and showing every sign that the deprogramming was a



DEPROGRAMMER TED PATRICK
Obsessed by heresy?

Moult, argues that most deprogramming raids involve assault and unlawful imprisonment. But since parents are involved, federal officials do not in practice deem the abductions kidnapping.

Parental abduction is, to be sure, not novel in the annals of religion. St. Clare's family tried to retrieve her bodily after she ran away from home to join St. Francis of Assisi and his band of pious mendicants. Legend has it that St. Thomas Aquinas' family locked him in a room with a whore to dissuade him from joining the Dominican order. But the deprogramming practiced by today's soul snatchers seems suspiciously like a religious version of the Ludovico technique—that brain-blowing treatment administered to Alex, the anti-hero in Anthony Burgess' *A Clockwork Orange*. It was designed to make him acceptable to society by ridding him of his sadomasochistic violence. In the process Alex also lost his free will.

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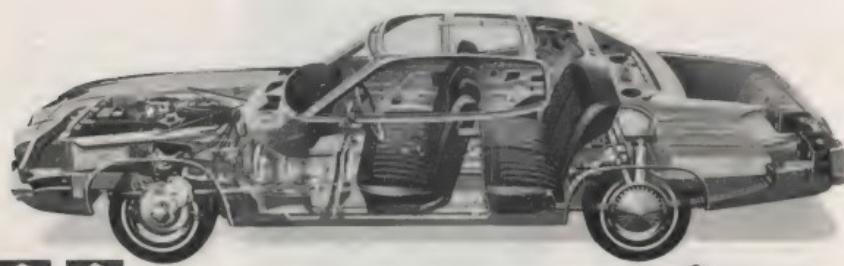
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SCENE FROM HAROLD PRINCE'S NEW BROADWAY MUSICAL "A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC"

THE THEATER

False Triste

A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC

Directed by HAROLD PRINCE

Music and lyrics by STEPHEN SONDEHIM

Book by HUGH WHEELER

This is a jeweled music box of a show: lovely to look at, delightful to listen to, and perhaps too exquisite, fragile and muted ever to be quite humanly affecting. It is a victory of technique over texture, and one leaves it in the odd mental state of unbridled admiration and untouched feelings.

Hugh Wheeler's book was inspired and adapted from Ingmar Bergman's 1956 *Smiles of a Summer Night*, a kind of Gallic sex comedy set in turn-of-the-century Sweden. The characters are subliminal staples of theatrical lore, more familiar as types than sharply etched as individuals. The hero (Len Cariou) is a prosperous lawyer somewhat baffled and buffeted by middle age. Widowed, he has attempted to regain his lost youth by marrying a child bride (Victoria Mallory) who, after eleven months, is still skittishly virginal. Completing the household is Cariou's son (Mark Lambert) who has a jittery case of postadolescent putridian guilt and an unholy crush on his stepmother. He, in turn, is pursued by a lusty wench of a maid (D Jamin-Bartlett) who believes that sex is an act rather than a word.

The frustrated Cariou looks up and beds down his ex-mistress (Glynis Johns). She is an actress fabled for her affairs on- and offstage who is currently pleasuring herself with a hussar (Lawrence Guittard). This is our old friend from Roman comedy, the *miles gloriosus*, the soldier puffed up with vanity, rage (when

he encounters Cariou), and the sternly ludicrous conceit that his wife (Patricia Elliot) and his mistress ought to be equal paragons of fidelity. This tangled skein of love and its counterfeits is happily unraveled in Act II at the country house of the actress's mother (Hermione Gingold), an old crone and an amorous relic of the King of the Belgians who bestowed a duchy upon her. Her philosophy: "Solitaire is the only thing in life that demands absolute honesty."

The complicated narrative line necessitates rapid crosscutting of scenes so that continuity of impact and emotional involvement are somewhat fragmented. More distracting is a pseudo-

Greek chorus of three women and two men who sing out the next stop in the plot rather like train conductors.

Still and all, the mood of the evening is impeccably sustained and, rather surprisingly, it is not so much jolly and summery as *triste* and autumnal. It is as if these world-weary beings had sated their aristocratic tastes on almost every experience except the simplest of joys. Designer Boris Aronson's nobly brooding setting of towering white birch trees seems almost like a comment on the frivolity and emptiness of the characters' lives.

Nothing lends the show quite so much strength as Stephen Sondheim's score. It is a beauty, his best yet in an exceedingly distinguished career. The prevailing waltz meter is more suggestive of *fin de siècle* Vienna than the Scandinavian north, but why carp? In a show almost without choreography, Sondheim's lyrics are nimble-witted dances. Literate, ironic, playful, enviably clever, altogether professional. Stephen Sondheim is a quicksilver wordsmith in the grand tradition of Cole Porter, Noel Coward and Lorenz Hart. There are three standout numbers. One is *Liuison* (Gingold), a lament that courtesans are not the elegantly larcenous creatures they used to be. Equally arresting are *Send In the Clowns* (Johns), a rueful gaze into the cracked mirror of the middle years, and *The Miller's Son* (Jamin-Bartlett), a gather-ye-rosebuds-while-ye-may paean to the flesh.

Producer-Director Hal Prince, who demands mere perfection from a cast, gets very nearly that here. He has curbed Gingold's hammy excesses, lit up the sexy enchantress in Johns, and released in Cariou a presence, as well as a voice, that marks him for the top of the U.S. musical stage. Ardent admirers of Prince's *Company* and *Follies* may be startled and a trifle dismayed that he has



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THE THEATER

devoted his formidable skill and inventive energy to what is basically a bitersweet operetta. But then, the only predictable thing about Hal Prince is that whatever he does is the best of its kind.

■ T.E. Kalem

(Advertisement)

The Crack-Up

OUT CRY

by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

The more perfect the artist, the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers and the mind which creates.

—T.S. Eliot

It is because Tennessee Williams once was just such an artist that the appearance of *Out Cry* is immensely saddening. Here, the man who suffers and the mind which creates are no more separate than a drunk and his crying jag. In the plays that earned Williams his reputation as America's finest dramatist, he showed that he could impose the order of art on his darkling terrors and forge passion and compassion out of pain. *Out Cry* is devoid of those gifts.

Insofar as this play has a psychological terrain, it is limbo. Symbolically, a spiral staircase on the stage ends in mid-air, leading nowhere. Two actors, a brother (Michael York) and a sister (Cara Duff-MacCormick) have been deserted by the rest of their company on a tour of some unnamed country. In panic they improvise "The Two Character Play," a misty memory of a long-past family life in a southern U.S. city that culminated in the murder of their mother by their father and his suicide.

Most of this is rendered in maudlin monologues and non-sequiturish asides. A Williams groping for words, parched for images, fumbling in dramatic craft—all this seems incredible, but alas, it is true.

■ T.E.K.

YORK & DUFF-MACMILLAN IN "OUT CRY"



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THE TRAVELERS

MONEY

The Unjustified Crisis

When West German Economics Minister Hans Friderichs sat down to lunch last Thursday with Bonn's foreign press corps, he found a single dollar bill laid across his plate by a U.S. newsman. Wearily, the man at the center of the world's latest—and most shockingly timed—currency crisis looked up and cracked: "If that were the only one."

It was anything but. Before the day had ended, the German Bundesbank had to buy up a staggering \$2.7 billion of unwanted greenbacks with marks, the largest sum ever paid out by a government in one day in an effort to keep its own money from taking an unwelcome jump in value. Other European central banks bought up about \$1 billion. Then began a drearily familiar financial choreography. Foreign exchange windows from London to Tokyo were slammed shut, and they may well remain closed through at least part of this week. European finance ministers started meeting in Brussels Sunday to work out a unified plan for stopping the speculation.

The new assault on the dollar caught nearly everyone off guard, since it came only 17 days after the dollar's second devaluation since December 1971. "There is no rational justification for such enormous quantities of dollars to pour into West Germany," said British Prime Minister Edward Heath, who arrived in Bonn for a long-planned conference with Chancellor Willy Brandt the day the crisis broke. Economists obviously agreed. Alan Greenspan, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, asserted: "On the question of how much in foreign goods a dollar will buy, U.S. currency may well no longer be out of line."

Then why had the crisis burst? The simplest and most ominous explanation seems to be that currency speculation has developed a self-sustaining momentum independent of economic logic. The crude fact is that speculators who have bet against the dollar since 1971 have profited, while people and companies that could have speculated but held dollars instead have been hurt by two declines in the dollar's value. Many "speculators" are bankers and corporate treasurers who are anxious to keep their overseas holdings in safe currencies. There also is evidence that Middle East oil sheiks, who are paid in U.S. currency for their black gold and thus pile up enormous dollar reserves, have lately traded heavily to get

into currencies they think safer. The Arabs are known to have been heavy buyers of gold, which has rocketed up against the dollar on the London market in the last two months (see chart).

One effective way for a nation to dampen currency speculation is to "float" its currency, allowing supply and demand to determine its price in terms of other money. But though they were in the eye of the hurricane last week, West German officials were strongly opposed to taking that step on their own, since it would change the mark's value not only in dollars but also in French francs, Dutch guilders and British pounds. Instead, the Germans favored a combined float of all nine Common Market currencies. The currencies would be kept on a fixed parity with each other, but would rise or fall together against the dollar.

The idea obviously was high on the agenda of the Brussels conference. But the mechanics of arranging a joint float are formidable. The pound and Italian lire are already floating individually and would have to be repegged against neighboring currencies before the whole structure could be set adrift against the dollar. Then, in order to keep all the floaters moving in the same direction at the

same speed, the Common Market countries would have to promise if necessary to buy each other's currencies in almost unlimited amounts. Nor could anyone be entirely happy with a joint float even if it worked; it would mean that speculators had begun to force monetary changes that do not correct but create distortions in currency values.

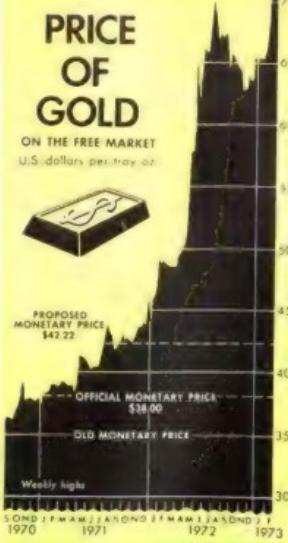
There are few other options, though. President Nixon emphatically declared that "there will not be another devaluation" of the dollar, adding that U.S. currency is basically "sound" and that "we will survive" the crisis. Moreover, a third dollar devaluation would probably aggravate rather than calm speculation by destroying whatever faith in the greenback is left among the people who hold the \$70 billion that U.S. balance of payments deficits have spilled out abroad. Government controls on capital movements limit international economic freedom, and have not worked anyway. And something must be done to stop the dollar pandemonium.

LABOR

The Rubber Standard

The Phase III guideline for wage increases goes *Rashomon* one better. It differs not only according to who is describing it, but according to who is describing it in which sentence. Last week John T. Dunlop, chairman of the Cost of Living Council, announced that "the wage and price standards that existed in Phase II...continue in effect," including the 5.5% guideline for average pay raises. In the same press conference, Dunlop said that he fully agreed with a statement by COLC's labor-management advisory committee that "no single standard of wage settlements can be formally applicable at one time" to every union. White House spokesmen later emphasized the hold-the-line phraseology—but AFL-CIO President George Meany happily opined that "the chances of getting settlements higher than 5.5% today are much better." How about Dunlop's statement that 5.5% was still the standard? Said Meany: "I do not think he believes that."

So is there a guideline? Well, sort of. In a hastily arranged "clarification" briefing, a COLC official insisted that labor leaders have promised to keep 1973 pay boosts in line with those negotiated last year, which averaged 6.3%. But Dunlop freely concedes that individual contracts will vary widely. Meaning: the real guideline is whether Dunlop—in consultation with top labor, management and Administration officials—approves of any given settlement. Washington wits promptly dubbed that test the Dunlop Rubber Standard.



TAXES

The War on Refund Mills

In my own case the words of such an act as the Income Tax, for example, merely dance before my eyes in a meaningless procession, cross-reference to cross-reference, exception upon exception—couched in abstract terms that offer no handle to seize hold of.

—Judge Learned Hand in 1947

SINCE then, the tax laws have become still more complex, driving more Americans every spring to seek help in filling out their returns. The trend has led to a rapid proliferation of commer-

cial tax specialists, including many "refund mills" that pop up like crocuses in March, make a killing helping taxpayers cheat the Government, then fade away on April 16. Now the Internal Revenue Service has opened a nationwide campaign of investigations, arrests and prosecutions to root out and discredit these fly-by-nights. At the same time, the taxmen have launched a sweet-talking publicity campaign urging people who have minor tax problems to seek help in preparing their returns from IRS agents themselves—a campaign that outside taxmen can hardly believe anyone would take seriously. Cracks one specialist: "It's kind of like asking the canary to visit the cat."

These moves dramatize a deep concern at the IRS about the growing cost to the Government of fraudulent or erroneous tax returns. Even with computerized checking, it is not too difficult for a taxpayer to get away with such dodges as claiming a couple of phantom dependents because the IRS' limited staff cannot run down every suspected cheat. One unofficial estimate puts the drain on revenue last year at \$30 billion or more, about 15% of total collections. The problem has grown especially acute since 1969, when a change in tax laws so complicated the job of making out returns that many people gave up trying to do it alone. Last year more than half of the 77 million individual returns were made out by tax preparers at a total (and tax de-

ductible) cost of about \$600 million. The IRS stresses that larger firms like H & R Block of Kansas City, Mo., are generally trustworthy. But it suspects that vast amounts of revenue are being lost because of the activities of cheating or inept smaller tax preparers.

For fees generally ranging from \$2 to \$30, these unscrupulous specialists urge their not-always-unwilling clients to inflate claims for property damage, write off the value of items lost in a robbery that never occurred, or deduct interest paid on nonexistent loans. Before his recent fraud conviction, one Texas expert encouraged clients who owned dogs or parakeets to classify themselves as farmers and claim depreciation allowances. In ghetto areas, where knowledge of tax law is skimpy, some hustlers get clients to sign a blank return for a flat sum of, say, \$50. The preparer then fills out the form and arranges to have the rebate—often \$500 or more—mailed to himself.

Gaudy. IRS agents in recent weeks have made a series of highly publicized arrests of tax specialists in New York, Georgia, Louisiana, Alabama and Texas. So far, IRS investigations conducted mainly by agents or volunteers posing as clients have resulted in fraud convictions of 126 tax preparers and indictments of another 85. The refund mills under IRS scrutiny usually consist of one or two people who often set up shop in a storefront and earn up to \$40,000 for three months' work.

In order to woo away those clients of small tax preparers who are not scared off by the arrests and indictments, the IRS is pressing a promotional campaign that for a Government agency is positively gaudy. The theme that taxpayers can get friendly help from the IRS itself is hammered home by tax agents making lecture tours and even on a Goodyear blimp that flies over Los Angeles flashing the message: UP IN THE AIR? GIVE THE IRS A CALL. The agency also has enlisted such personalities as Steve Allen, Tony Randall and Tennis Star Arthur Ashe to plug its services on TV. In one spot, Vincent Price, dressed as a Himalayan monk, tells a confused taxpayer who climbs to his mountaintop seeking help to go to a neighborhood IRS office instead.

A key aim of the drive is to persuade people with moderate incomes to take standard deductions on the short 1040A form. In New York a team of IRS experts rides the ferryboats between Manhattan and Staten Island dispensing advice to interested passengers. "Taxmobiles" staffed with agents now trundle through back-country roads in Tennessee and into shopping centers in California bringing tax assistance to all who want it. In Chicago, the IRS has started a trailer within a tax return's throw of a mobile office operated by



ACTOR PRICE IN IRS TV SPOT

LEE BULLEN/ENR



TAX-PREPARING FIRM IN CHICAGO

America's Computerized Tax-Aid, a large tax-preparing firm

Chiefs of the big and reputable tax-preparing firms strongly resent what they see as unfair—and wasteful—competition. They argue that although the IRS charges no direct fee, its services are scarcely "free" because they are paid for out of tax revenues. They also question the value of the help that taxpayer gets from the IRS. Says Robert Dusky, president of the Tax Corporation of America in Montrose, Calif. "We dig for a deduction, but the IRS will not." Some IRS officials themselves worry that if the service sells its tax-assistance program too successfully, they will be swamped with more clients than they can handle. "I don't know if we can afford the price this program is costing," says Charles Miriani, assistant district director for Illinois.

Unhappy tax preparers may soon get the small satisfaction of seeing the IRS on the griddle. A substantial number of taxpayers have complained that overzealous agents auditing their returns have bullied them into paying questionable penalties. Senator Joseph Montoya, a New Mexico Democrat, has opened an investigation of the Government's tax-collection methods. Among other things, the hearings before a Senate appropriations subcommittee will seek to determine whether the salaries and promotions of IRS agents are in any way tied to how much money they can squeeze out of taxpayers in back taxes.

AIRLINES

Keeping Fares Aloft

Chances that travelers flying the North Atlantic on scheduled airlines will pay sharply lower fares this summer hit a hard downdraft last week. The U.S. Civil Aeronautics Board turned down proposals from British Overseas Airways, Lufthansa, Alitalia and Olympic Airways for new low fares between the U.S. and Europe. BOAC, for example, had wanted to charge only \$179 for a New York-London round trip during the off season, and \$290 during July. The fares would have been for a 14-to-45-day excursion booked 90 days before takeoff.

The CAB decision was welcomed by the U.S. transatlantic carriers, Pan American, TWA and National, which contend that they cannot match the fares proposed by the subsidized European lines. But the Europeans may retaliate by rejecting the Americans' proposal to charge \$230 in the off season and \$299 during June, July and August for the same service. So unless some compromise is found, the deadlock could lead to a continuation of present fares (minimum price: \$313 round trip for 22 to 45 days in peak season, with no advance reservation) or even a rate war after the current international



AMERICAN TOURISTS TAKING IN THE SIGHTS & SOUNDS OF LONDON
A hard downdraft for the drive toward lower fares.

agreement on ticket prices runs out on March 31.

The impasse also dims the scheduled lines' hopes of slowing or stopping a drain of passengers to the cut-rate charter flights offered by the non-scheduled carriers. Last week one such line was advertising two-to-four-week round-trip fares between New York and London for as little as \$179 in peak season. The scheduled lines had hoped that their new advance-fare service would enable them to come closer to meeting those prices while also allowing them to plan operations so that they could cut costs by flying fully loaded planes. But weeks of effort by U.S. and European government negotiators to break the deadlock over just how little to charge for the new service have proved futile. Last week representatives of the International Air Transport Association, the scheduled airlines' rate-fixing cartel, began meeting again to make another try at reaching an accord.

Their deliberations are immensely complicated by the blunt fact that, heavily traveled as the Atlantic route is, there is still not enough business to enable all of the 21 scheduled and score or so of non-scheduled carriers flying it to prosper. Meanwhile, confusion over fares is soaring. Travelers planning spring and summer vacations overseas are being forced to make reservations without knowing just how much they will eventually have to pay, and thus what they can afford to spend on the ground.

As airline rivals jostle for command of the skies, the sinking popularity of sea travel is bringing an inexorable end to the graceful luxury ships that once plied the Atlantic in profusion. Last week the Italian cabinet announced that

it intends over the next five years to remove from the North Atlantic route the last of its famous passenger liners: the *Michelangelo*, *Rafaello* and *Leonardo da Vinci*. The ships in 1972 cost the government \$48 million in subsidies; on some recent sailings only about a fifth of the available space was booked. Unless the government can operate these vessels profitably on short-range cruises, they will probably be scrapped. When the Italian liners depart, only two luxury passenger vessels will be making regularly scheduled transatlantic voyages, the aging but still handsome *France* and Britain's jaunty *Q.E. 2*.

WALL STREET

Tough Act to Follow

As the newly appointed chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, G. Bradford Cook would seem to be in an uncomfortable spotlight. At 35, he is the youngest man ever to head the agency, he is almost unknown among the Wall Streeters he will regulate—and he has one of the toughest acts in Washington to follow. In a whirlwind 22 months in office, his predecessor, William J. Casey, began more far-reaching reforms of the securities industry than at almost any time in the SEC's 38-year history. To mention only two, brokers who had always charged commissions fixed by stock exchanges were forced to negotiate rates with their clients on trades worth more than \$300,000, and steps were taken to link together stock exchanges round the country into a sort of maxi-market.

If Cook feels any pressure, however, it is not readily apparent. Only two weeks after taking over from Casey,



SEC CHAIRMAN G. BRADFORD COOK
Employing the idea pipeline.

who became Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, Cook is serving notice that he too will be an activist, but of a different kind. Instead of a machine-gun fire of new ideas, he indicates, Wall Street for a while can expect intensified pressure to complete the reforms that Casey began. "The pipeline is already full of Casey ideas," he explains, "and the task now is to move some of them through. My old division [the SEC division of market regulation, a Casey creation that Cook headed] is working night and day just to keep even, and I can't load them up any more."

Cook's top priority will be the development of a central market system under which stock exchanges all over the country will be hooked together by a tape that will let investors know where they can buy or sell securities for the best possible price. At present, variations of 2% or more can occur for the same stock in different markets, but few investors are aware of it because most see quotes only on one exchange.

The new SEC chief also will press to lower the floor for negotiated commissions to trades of \$100,000 or more by the end of this year. Cook asserts bluntly: "My friends on Wall Street tell me blood will flow if this happens, but we are going to keep pushing anyway." He hints that he will be referring to the Justice Department, for possible prosecution, more cases in which the SEC suspects that investors have profited by trading on the basis of corporate information not disclosed to the public.

Cook, the son of a Nebraska banker, who went to Washington 18 months ago with a standard Republican background as a securities lawyer, plans one change within the SEC's 1,500-man staff: haircuts for some of the shaggy-locked, walrus-mustached young lawyers who were attracted to the commission by Casey's go-go reputation. Cook insists that

he does not care what his mod squad looks like in the office, but "they cannot go into court with their hair hanging below their ears." Despite that stand, his appointment has been as well received by the commission staff as it has on Capitol Hill. Some powerful members of Congress have their own ideas for legislating changes in the securities industry. Cook remarks dryly: "I hear Congress is loaded for bear, and I wonder if I'm the bear." So far, there is no sign that he is. His confirmation hearing whistled through the Senate Securities Subcommittee of Banking and Currency in less than an hour.

POLAND

Red Sea Invasion

Poland is scarcely known as a seafaring nation; it is famous for coal, Copernicus and a long history of serving as a parade ground for invading foreign armies. Yet, from its 326 miles of Baltic coastline, Poland is now mounting a seaborne invasion of its own into foreign markets. Ships built in ports bearing such tongue-twisting names as Gdańsk, Gdynia and Szczecin are turning up with increasing frequency in fishing and merchant fleets round the world.

The Polish thrust is not yet a major threat to the better-known shipyards of Bremen, Clydebank and Yokohama. The country still ranks only twelfth in gross registered tonnage among shipbuilding nations. But Poland's annual output has risen 50% just since 1970, to 750,000 deadweight tons, and shipbuilding has become the country's second largest earner of foreign currency, after coal. Polish shipbuilding has become one of the few Communist bloc industries ca-

pable of competing in the West on straight commercial terms. Capitalist nations last year bought almost \$200 million worth of Polish ships, about half the country's exported production and one-third more than in 1971.

Credit for transforming Poland into a shipbuilding power goes largely to Soviet leaders, who began welding the Eastern European countries into a bloc shortly after World War II. The Soviets decided that Poland, with its skilled labor force and largely ice-free ports, should build the bloc's merchant ships; since the late 1940s, the U.S.S.R. has invested millions of rubles in developing Polish yards. The regime of Communist Party Secretary Edward Gierek has decided to intensify that development. Gierek knows all too well that the bloody wage-price riots of 1970 that toppled his predecessor, Wladyslaw Gomulka, began with strikes in the Baltic docks and shipyards and is determined to keep the workers there prosperous. A major investment in the five-year plan that ends in 1975 is 7.5 billion zlotys (\$341 million) for shipbuilding.

By now, the heavy investments are giving the Poles some of the best-equipped shipyards in the world. For example, Polish builders are experimenting with a method of constructing giant cargo ships in two halves and then joining them in the water. The two sections are fitted together with the aid of a horseshoe-shaped tunnel that enables welders to work both inside and outside the hull, producing a stronger seam than is attained by conventional methods. In the past, other Communist nations got most of the benefit of Polish expertise: one out of every two Rumanian fishing ships, and every fourth Albanian, fifth Soviet and sixth Chinese merchant ship, is Polish made.



POLISH BULK CARRIER ON SHAKEDOWN CRUISE OFF PORT OF GDYNIA
Scrupulous deliveries and never a cost overrun.

From Calcutta ...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

To NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA

Name: ELIZABETH DASS

Date of Birth: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA

Health: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS WITH
DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

Characteristics: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE, SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS
OF GOOD MIND. SHE WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH
AND STRENGTH ~~ARE~~ ARE RESTORED.

Parental Condition: Father: DECEASED,

Mother: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF
~~SMALLPOX~~, WORKS IN A MATCH
FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET PLEASER, DEEP IN "TOOK". HIS
MOTHER IS VERY WEAK AND HER RECENT ELLIPSIS (BROKEN) TO REMOVE HER
LEG AT ALL ALIVE AT ALL. THIS IS AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A POOR
FACTORY WHERE SHE LIVES TWO ROOMS A DAY WORKS WHEN SHE CAN WORK. IN
THE NIGHT SHE SLEEPS ON THE GROUND.

Home Conditions: House: ONE ROOM RENTED, OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL
OTHER PERSONS. BROTHER ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER,
BROther IS SO SMALL HE CANNOT STAND ON HIS OWN FEET.
ELIZABETH IS SICKENED ON THE ROAD, SICKENED, LIVES WITH THEM IN THIS
HOUSE. THEY ARE NOT OBTAINING REFUGE, AND THE MOTHER
FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

Sisters:

Maria Dass, DECEASED IN SMALLPOX
Lorraine Dass, DECEASED IN SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

Remarks:

ELIZABETH WILL CERTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP
THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING. IF
NOT REMOVED FROM UNKNOWN ENVIRONMENT, SHE
MIGHT BE WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND HEARS
SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED
AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home a few days after we received this report and she is doing better now. Her legs are stronger . . . she can walk and sometimes even run with the other children. She is beginning to read and can already write her name.

Every day desperate reports like the one above reach our overseas field offices. Then we must make the heartbreaking decision—which child can we help? Could you turn away a child like Elizabeth and still sleep at night?

For only \$12 a month you can sponsor a needy little boy or girl from the country of your choice, or you can let us select a child for you from our emergency list.

Then in about two weeks, you will receive a photograph of your child, along with a personal history, and information about the project where your child receives help. Your child will write to you, and you will receive the original plus an English translation—direct from an overseas office.

Please, won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines.

Write today: Verem J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23283

I wish to sponsor a boy girl in

(Country) _____

Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a

month. I enclose first payment of \$_____

Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

Please do not sponsor a child but want to give \$_____

Please send me more information

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

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At prices for every purse.
In the most popular cigar shapes.

Taste a great cigar.
Taste a Garcia y Vega.
Garcia y Vega has been around since 1882.
But we still keep getting fresh ideas.

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The secret's in our Flav-R-Loc® tube.

BUSINESS

Now that long-term commitments to their Red partners are running out, though, the Poles are finding a growing market in the West. "We can sell all the ships we produce," Włodzimierz Korchot, economic director of the industry's trade union, told TIME Correspondent Strode Talbott. "We are already fully contracted to capacity through 1975. The Soviet Union alone could buy all we can make."

This week Olsen & Ugelstad, a Norwegian line, will take delivery of a 55,000-ton cargo vessel. Fleets in France, Britain and Brazil also contain Polish-built vessels. John J. McMullen Associates of New York City has sold the Poles designs for stabilizers; vessels built in Poland may soon be sailing more smoothly because of U.S. technology.

The Poles do not attempt to undercut Western yards on bid prices, but capitalist customers say that they are super-scrupulous on contract terms; if Polish builders suffer cost overruns, they do not stick the buyer with the bill. A British line expects to save some 15% on two large freezer trawlers from Poland because the ships will be delivered a few months ahead of schedule, on favorable credit terms and at the exact price agreed on when the deal was signed three years ago. Says the buyer, who for obvious reasons does not want to be identified: "I don't like helping Iron Curtain countries, but we have all these bloody strikes here, and Polish ships are as good as any in the world."

CLOTHING

Slaughter on Seventh Avenue

Not so long ago, young hot-shots in the garment industry would swagger to the top with order pads in one hand and samples of the latest fashions in the other. But nowadays life along Manhattan's Seventh Avenue, main drag of the U.S. dressmaking industry, is a bit more subdued. Three years after the ill-starred "midi" provoked a customer rebellion that unstitched profits in firm after firm, many women are still shying away from dresses and skirts of any sort, and playing it safe fashionwise by choosing pantsuits. Result: a New York dressmaking disaster.

Nationwide, dressmakers' production last year dropped 1%, and 6,500 jobs disappeared. As sales sag, costs soar. Wholesale buyers, after the midi misfire, are anxious to avoid stocking up on any one style. The result is that dressmakers have to offer greater variety to attract interest—at the expense of their profit margins.

Inevitably, Manhattan, where 60% of all U.S. dresses are made, has been hardest hit. Since 1966, New York City has lost more than 17,000 jobs (26% of its total dressmaking labor force), most



NEW SHIRTWAIST FASHIONS BEING MODELED IN MANHATTAN SHOWROOM

not because of automation but because companies have gone out of business, while new ones opened elsewhere. High labor costs have been one reason. Last month the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union won a 20% hike over the next three years for its 60,000 New York area members. A principal beneficiary of New York's decline has been Miami, where spacious plants rent for half the going cost of New York lofts, and non-union Cuban immigrant labor is available at rates 7% to 10% below those on Seventh Avenue. Miami dressmaking employment has risen from 5,000 in 1960 to 18,000 now.

Nat Levine, president of Manhattan-based Capitol Dress Co., foresees a day perhaps ten years off when the industry will vanish from New York altogether. He may be too pessimistic, but Saul Nisowitz, director of New York City's Office of Apparel Industry Planning and Development, asserts: "The middle-sized Manhattan dressmaker has been the backbone of the city's \$7 billion garment industry, and he is the one who cannot survive today. The big conglomerates have enough money to move out of town, and the one-sewing-machine people can operate in a closet in between, forget it."

Along with its manufacturing pre-eminence, New York is losing its position as a sales showroom for dresses, wherever made. Visits by out-of-town buyers, who more and more fear that they will be mugged, have dropped 8% in the last five years. Three years ago, Alley Cat, a Philadelphia-based maker of women's boutique and sportswear fashions, sold its entire output through a showroom in Manhattan. Since then, it has opened salesrooms in Dallas and Los Angeles; last year, only about 30% of its garments were sold in New York



STITCHING WOMEN'S WEAR ON 39TH STREET
A dressmaking disaster.

Says Jerry Silverman, president of a Manhattan-based designer shop that counts Pat Nixon and her two daughters among its customers: "There is so much money in the hands of American women these days that dressmakers face the opportunity of a lifetime. But to get the business, you have to get on a plane and get out of town."

To hem up the industry's sagging image, the administration of New York Mayor John Lindsay is trying to put a new front on Seventh Avenue. Last fall the street was renamed "Fashion Avenue" between 26th and 41st Streets. New high-intensity streetlights have been installed; later this year a "Buyers Hospitality Center," co-sponsored by the city and the garment industry, will open. Such changes may help, but they do not hit the real problem. Designers are coming closer by trumpeting shirtwaist dresses as the fashion "must" for spring. Dressmakers in New York—and elsewhere—can only hope that this time their customers agree.



VICE DEAN OF WOMEN FLAMER (STANDING) INTRODUCING TDO LUNCH GUESTS

MODERN LIVING

Lunchtime Lotharios

As most bachelors have learned, a luncheon invitation to a bright, attractive female often meets with a wary rebuff. To improve the odds for success, a group of men who claim to be the "cream of the crop" of San Francisco bachelors have banded together to attract good-looking lunch dates. They call their organization the Tuesday Downtown Operators and Observers, and they pursue their goals and girls with such single-minded fervor that the club has become something of a city institution.

It started in 1949, when Linn Alexander, who then worked for IBM, ignored the fact that his regular Tuesday luncheon with two old friends was a strictly stag affair. He made a date with one of San Francisco's prettiest and brought her along. Her company proved so pleasurable that the trio decided to dump their all-male tradition; the TDOS (as the members call themselves) were born on the spot.

Since then the group has taken more than 3,000 women to lunch. And the TDOs, whose membership keeps changing as bachelors fall to matrimony, now number about 20, all professionals in their late 20s and early 30s. The luncheons themselves are held in a plush private dining room at Paoli's, a restaurant in the city's financial section; the walls are decorated with such masculine *objets d'art* as photos of prize-fighters and antelope heads.

Recruiting the guests, who usually attend three or four at a time, is a responsibility assigned to each TDO by the club's "vice dean of women," a position currently held by Pete Elamer, an

insurance broker. The girls who meet the club's criteria, he says, are "pretty, single and up for a good time with a great bunch of guys." They are found in all sorts of places: riding elevators, working in offices, at parties or walking the streets of the city. Even though the invitations come from strangers, they are seldom turned down. Explains a former vice dean: "A girl is more comfortable if there is a group of men interested rather than just one guy."

There is more behind the quick acceptances than a sense of security and the lure of a free candle-lit lunch. In San Francisco, there are far more single men than single women, and eating with the TDOS gives a young woman the opportunity to size up a variety of young, affluent eligibles. "Here I was, one of two girls surrounded by some 20 guys, and all of them good-looking," bubbles Nancy Noren, 27, one of the TDOS' recent guests. "I mean, like wow."

Wow, indeed. Many of the former IDOs have ended up marrying one of their luncheon guests.

Putting on the Dogs

"I hope you're picking up the idea that you have to act like a complete ass to be a dog trainer. You've got to be exciting to your dog; otherwise, he'll get depressed."

=Mrs. Barbara Woodhouse

She stands sternly, an energetic, graying Englishwoman in a tweed skirt and sensible shoes. "No, no, no! You must not say, 'Condor, come here,' in that weak voice. That's no good. Stand up and say, 'Condor, COME!' As her voice booms across the lawn outside her window, she begins to sing:

Hertfordshire home, owners and their dogs tremble involuntarily. Barbara Woodhouse, at 62, has trained more than 14,000 dogs, from nervous purebreds to what she recalls as "the worst dogs in England."

When she puts owners and their pets through one of her regular \$25 weekend courses, the atmosphere is all business. Most of her attention, surprisingly enough, is concentrated not on the dogs but on their owners. "I can train any dog in five minutes," she says. "It's training the owners that takes longer."

Jerk. Patiently, she walks the owners through her routine. First comes an equipment check: a 4-ft. smooth leather leash and a large-link choke collar. She shows the owners how the collar works: a downward jerk on the leash tightens it without choking the dog; release slackens the collar immediately. Next, each dog is paraded into the front of the class to show the owners that simple commands ("Heel," "Sit," "Stay") can be taught in five minutes. Trainer Woodhouse's commands and corrections rumble steadily, and the choke collar comes into play. "Heel!" she commands, slapping her thigh to reinforce her words. "Dogs love noise," she explains. A small Samoyed fails to obey, and Mrs. Woodhouse jerks him across the turf. The owner winces but Mrs. Woodhouse keeps on talking—and jerking. "This is what some dogs do and their poor owners go weak at the gills [jerk]. Stop, you naughty dog [jerk]. This is all put on for the benefit of anyone who might be sympathetic [jerk]. Well, scream away," she tells the yelping dog. Suddenly the Samoyed is heel-ing beautifully—and his tail has never stopped wagging. The other dogs respond as well. "If you give him a good jerk," says Mrs. Woodhouse, "the dog will really love you."

Then, as the owners move their

WOODHOUSE & PUPIN



dogs through following exercises. Mrs. Woodhouse zeroes in on her two-legged students. "Do you see how much quicker I am than you are?" she asks one ambiling owner. "You'll have to speed up if you're going to have an interesting dog. Otherwise, they walk around like zombies." To another owner: "You're the naughty one; your dog's really very good." To a third: "It's no good saying, 'Sit, darling, for Mommy's sake.' It's, 'Mazie, SIT!'"

To many Englishmen, burdened by the tradition of austere reserve, such behavioral advice comes as a shock. "You've got to be terribly gay," orders Mrs. Woodhouse. "You've got to act like idiots. By which she means that an owner must put heavy emphasis on talking continuously. 'I want to hear some inane chatter. Try to be a bit more silly.'

A Woodhouse discovery: commands with "d" or "l" sounds, such as "sit" and "down," will more readily attract a dog's attention. Dogs particularly love the word "what," she says, accentuating the "t" sound as she says it.

Much of Woodhouse's expertise was applied to the training of her two Great Danes, Juno and Junia, who appeared in more than 100 British films. Until their deaths, she never traveled; she was unwilling to leave her pets. Now she has just returned from a grueling tour of the U.S.: in 21 days, she appeared on 20 television programs and 15 radio shows to publicize *Dog Training My Way*, recently published in the U.S. (She has also written *The A to Z of Dogs and Puppies*, *The Book of Ponies*, and *Talking to Animals*, all stressing her training methods.) Though her techniques seem tough, Woodhouse insists that her purpose is to train dogs without hurting them. "I automatically seek friends with the dogs," she says. "I hope I sound loving as well as being firm."

Motel Blues

Not so long ago the Crest and Western motels in Los Angeles charged only \$7 a night and their rooms still went begging. Now they are charging \$26.50—and turning customers away. The difference is that the two motels now show blue movies in their rooms over closed-circuit television.

The Crest's manager, Nick Valenta, has a ready explanation: "About 90% of our guests," he says, "are married couples who always wanted to see this stuff but didn't want to go out to a skin flick in a bar. Now they can watch in the privacy of their own room."

How Valenta can be sure of his guests' marital status, he cannot say, but in deference to their sensibilities, both motels feature only "soft-core" movies that are less explicit than the fleshy dramas projected in skin-flick houses (sample titles: *Peeping Melvin*, *Lusting for Life*). For most registrants, soft-core seems quite sufficient.



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Kodak pocket Instamatic 60 camera. 

MILESTONES

Engaged. Jeremy Thorpe, 43, witty leader of Britain's minute Liberal Party (The House of Lords, he once said, is proof of "life after death"); and Marion, Countess of Harewood, 46, shy, studious concert pianist who was divorced six years ago from the Queen's cousin, Lord Harewood. It will be the second marriage for both.

Married. Elaine Stritch, 47, vodka-voiced star of a clutch of Broadway musical comedies (*Sail Away, Pal Joey, Company*); not to mention more serious plays (*Bus Stop*) and the TV series *My Sister Eileen*; and John M. Bay, 45, Dublin-born actor who met the lady briefly in New York 15 years ago, then again in January while they were rehearsing for the London production of Tennessee Williams' *Small Craft Warnings*; both for the first time; in London.

Separated. John V. Tunney, 38, shock-haired Democratic junior Senator from California and son of One-time Heavyweight Boxing Champion Gene Tunney; and Mieke Tunney, 38, blonde, Dutch-born beauty who dabbled briefly as a recording artist; after 14 years of marriage, three children. The Tunneys first separated last May but had quietly reconciled in September.

Died. Tito Rodriguez, 50, the "Frank Sinatra of Latin Music" who made his singing debut on Puerto Rican radio at the age of 13, sang during the '40s with the band of Xavier Cugat, then sold more than 12 million recordings of softly rendered, romantic love songs; of complications following a bleeding ulcer; in Manhattan.

Died. Walter Reade Jr., 56, movie-theater mogul and part-time producer (*A Taste of Honey*, 1962; *Ulysses*, 1967), who helped build his family's original 1908 investment in a Port Chester, N.Y., vaudeville house into the Walter Reade Organization, Inc., that now owns 80 U.S. movie theaters; of suffocation, after falling headfirst into a snow bank while skiing; in St. Moritz, Switzerland.

Died. Guy M. Gillette, 94, former Senator from Iowa and one of President Roosevelt's most troublesome critics during the '30s and '40s; in Cherokee, Iowa. A successful Democrat in a Republican farm state, Gillette opposed Roosevelt's plans to pack the Supreme Court, extend lend-lease aid to European Allies and serve for more than two terms. He overcame his reputation as an isolationist by helping to draft the United Nations Charter, but despite his apparent popularity and staunch pro-farmer politics, he was defeated for a fourth Senate term in 1954 at the age of 75.

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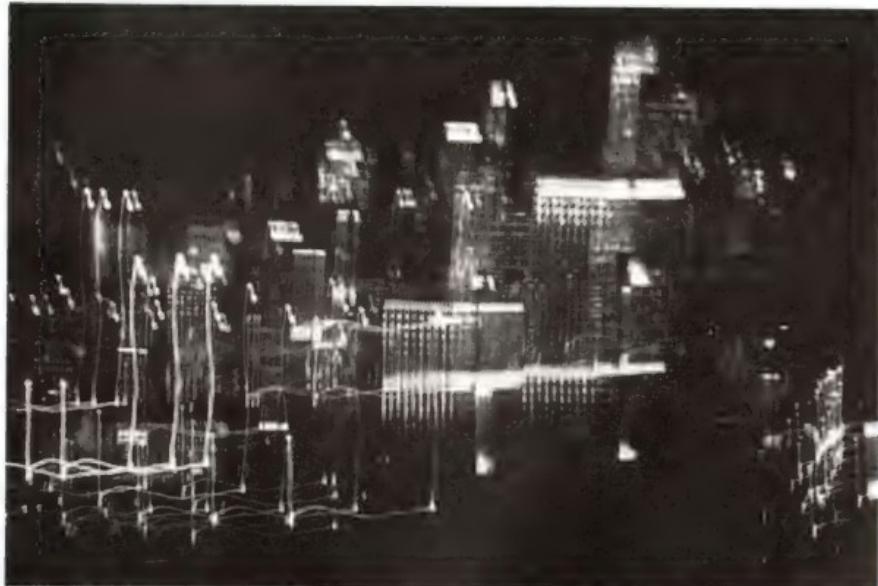
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CINEMA

Rendering to Caesar

TEN FROM YOUR SHOW OF SHOWS
Directed by MAX LIEBMAN

Properly, this is not a movie. It is a compilation of kinescopes—crude and grainy in technical quality—from a madhouse landmark in TV comedy. *Your Show of Shows* of the 1950s is remembered, along with Ernie Kovacs' excursions beyond the pale, as the best and funniest work ever done for TV. Yet memory is a fun-house mirror. There is always a nagging doubt when gazing into it: Were things really that good? Yes, they certainly were, as this mini-anthology resoundingly proves.

The ten episodes here, selected from among sketches performed on 161 shows, not only reconfirm the warmest memories, but they revive the kind of deep, continuous and ultimately helpless laughter that is too rarely heard, the kind that makes the eyes water and the mouth slack at the edges from strain. It is laughter that for a time was always within Sid Caesar's power to give.

Caesar was like an unrefined piece of electronic equipment—a sensitive comic receptor who could be jolted into action by the slightest comic impulse. The impulses were provided by a crew of pleasantly deranged writers (Mel Tolkin, Lucille Kallen and the young Mel Brooks among them).

Caesar was a big man, broad of feature and seemingly clumsy, and his face was unremarkable in repose. Of course, it was almost never in repose, but was forever melting, cracking or erupting into some expression of comic extremity. His body, too, was surprisingly lithe,

as if his physical dexterity defied his size. Caesar's comedy was a wild assault, with nothing especially cunning about it. As carefully planned as it must have been, Caesar and his wonderfully talented cronies (Imogene Coca, Carl Reiner, Howard Morris) always gave it that crucial feeling of spontaneity, a hint that somehow everything might just break apart.

Max Liebman, who produced *Your Show of Shows*, has compiled this film with a craftsman's eye for pacing the laughter. It begins slowly, with a modest bit of domestic conflict in which Imogene Coca, looking, as ever, like your high-school dietician, must tell Caesar, her husband, that she has wrecked his beloved car. From there the film builds rapidly to an unlikely skirmish in a movie theater, a board meeting presided over by a chairman concerned only with his lunch, and a fond parody of a silent film called *The Sewing Machine Girl*. Finally there is a climax of unspeakable hilarity: a send-up of *From Here to Eternity* entitled *From Here to Obscurity*, starring Caesar as Montgomery Bugle; and a devastating reworking of a TV show called *This Is Your Story*, with Reiner as an impervious M.C., Caesar as an overwrought, reluctant guest, and Howard Morris as an absurdly lachrymose relative given to clutching convulsions of joy.

The affable madness circulated on *Your Show of Shows* and its successor, *Caesar's Hour*, was contagious. Other Caesar writers at one time or another included Neil Simon and Woody Allen. Reiner and Mel Brooks have gone on, separately and together, to become two of the most important comic creators in film: Reiner's *Where's Poppin'*? and Brooks' *The Producers*, with their free-wheeling antic absurdity, still show the strong influence of their mutual apprenticeship.

For anyone who was devoted to *Your Show of Shows*, what was perhaps most valuable about the program was its brashness, the way it could so effectively ridicule and level the overwrought products of popular culture—a quality that currently appears to be in short supply. The only thing wrong with *Ten From Your Show of Shows* is that ten is not enough. The film, past due, is warmly welcome, but it would be even more cheering to know that it was the first of a series.

• Jay Cocks

Quick Cuts

PAYDAY chronicles 36 hours in the life of a minor country-and-western singer called Maury Dann, a sort of Orpheus pretending who boozes, wenchens, pops pills and passes along the old payola. As played and sung by Rip Torn—eyes bulging, teeth bared until they look like a couple of upended harmon-



RIP TORN IN "PAYDAY"
Pills and payola.

icas—he seems less gifted in music than in hog calling. Like *A Face in the Crowd*, *Payday* tries hard to be about the spiritual bankruptcy of American life, but Director Daryl Duke emulates only the hysteria, not the theatrical fervor, of the 1957 Kazan film. The wretched photography uses a style known as "television light," meaning that the frame is burned with bright light so that everything will show up clearly on the home screen. In a theater, where the image is much larger, such a misconceived technique makes the actors look as if they were being paraded through a police lineup. Scenarist Don Carpenter has provided some pretty good redneck dialogue, and there is a well-observed performance by Michael C. Gwynne as Maury's teme, troll-like manager, who looks as if he regarded the daylight hours as a direct threat to his health.

LOLLY-MADONNA XXX is a love-and-kisses signature at the end of a note that leads two Tennessee hill families into range warfare. The plot is infernally complex, while the idea—an allegory about aggression and the mad carnage it can cause—is simple-minded, like symbolizing the Viet Nam War for any war by a skirmish in a papaw patch. The feuding families are so grossly caricatured in the writing and direction that by comparison the Jukes and the Kallikaks seem like the Cabots and the Lodges. Robert Ryan and Rod Steiger appear as the opposing patriarchs. Ryan looking stunned, Steiger wallowing in meaningless excess, a puppet dedicated to self-parody. Jeff Bridges, as a sensitive son, is decent enough—a triumph under the circumstances—and a newcomer named Season Hubley is something more than that. In the thankless role of a teen-age girl who is spirited off by the Steiger clan, she is fresh, sexy and very sprightly.



CAESAR, COCA & REINER IN "SHOWS"

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Five American Families

PATHWAYS TO MADNESS

by JULES HENRY

477 pages. Random House. \$10.

Paperback \$2.95.

How do people go crazy?

It is a question that seems to obsess the 20th century. Staring into the glassy eyes of the madman, just what does one see reflected? An empty room? A fellow sufferer? The family circle, crowding close? An entire culture? Students of mind seem to have learned from students of matter that the smashed atom will reveal astonishing forces lurking within the normal.

The century was fairly launched by Freud's probing of those psychic forces. But Freud's was only half a revolution. In the second half of the century, the probing of madness has entered a different phase. The new psychiatry, as Jules Henry writes, involves "a fundamental alteration in the approach to the patient—from seeing him alone, to seeing him together with his family; from perceiving him as sick, to perceiving him as a member of a sick family."

The work of diverse figures including Bruno Bettelheim, R.D. Laing and Gregory Bateson, this family theory of psychosis has been popularized in such movies as *Wednesday's Child*. Recently it provides what intellectual justification there is for the total-immersion documentary film reporting of domestic life that produced the TV series *An American Family* (TIME, Feb. 26).

Pathways to Madness, published last year and now issued in paperback, is Anthropologist Jules Henry's application of that approach to five American families touched by madness. Henry, who died in 1969 at age 65, reached beyond the family portraits to apply the new psychiatry to American culture.

Patients. When psychiatrists started to observe and treat families, as Henry and others have noted, they made the unsettling discovery that a person may go crazy not simply as an individual and from inside out, but as part of a group, usually the family, whose other members subtly—indeed, unconsciously—coerce him into a role and then stigmatize him. Henry, trained as an anthropologist observing primitive South American tribes, as early as 1948 urged that psychiatrists look at the families of their patients. But he came to such work himself only late in his professional life, as an associate of Bruno Bettelheim's in the study of autistic and schizophrenic children.

Henry's research prompted him to go live with the families of such children. Out of years of such work, he selected the five case histories that make up the skeleton of *Pathways to Madness*. Each family was profoundly sick,

each had one member already put away as autistic or psychotic. But Henry warns the reader—and by implication admonishes his less scrupulous colleagues, some of whom have even seemed eager to abolish the family altogether—that "psychosis is not created by family life only."

What is most striking at first is how different Henry's families are, for example, from the flamboyant Lounds of the TV series. Chillingly, they seem quite average on the surface. Samples of the five:

► The Joneses are suburban, Midwestern. The father is a dentist, and quarrelsome. His wife seems intelligent but disorganized, at first sight a cheerful slab—until Henry demonstrates that her chaotic housekeeping is just one of many signs of a pathological distortion of her perceptions. Though they have one autistic child already, the couple use their three remaining children against each other implacably. The mother has a jolly you-run-and-I-chase-you game she plays with her toddler—except that the child is encouraged to run right into the street. "When our backs were turned for a moment, Harriet got out almost to the middle of the road, and a huge oil truck came tearing around the corner and missed the baby by about ten feet [Then] the chasing game between Harriet and her mother began again."

The father has created a painful emotional separation between one son, Bobby, age 12, and the mother; Bobby systematically torments his younger brother Jackie but she does nothing to stop it, even turns on Jackie herself: "Since fear of the final loss of [Bobby's] love may be impossible to face, she is willing to sacrifice Jackie...In the dialectic interplay between Bobby's ferocity and his mother's wavering, Jackie is punished for suffering too much."

► The Rosenbergs are lower middle class, the parents immigrants from an

Eastern European ghetto. The mother is dominant, loud, managing. The father is slyly passive. The eldest son is psychotic and institutionalized. Two more sons live the life of the Portnoys without the saving graces of intelligence, low comedy or even good Jewish food. "Her cooking is unspeakable." Boarder Henry notes in real anguish. In the intense family circle, hiding true feelings and shamming what they think they should feel, bickering, scolding, boasting, hitting out, the Rosenbergs reinforce the tensions that make them enemies and each other's prisoners.

Irving, age 13, the bright, violent, asthmatic older son still at home, is the current scapegoat because he sees the desperation of his situation: "Gestures of love keep the hunger for it alive, causing suffering because they give hope. Thus there is another diagnosis of Irving's illness—he has all the symptoms of tantalizing hope: excessive demands, noisiness, aggressiveness, inappropriate expectations and insatiability."

The observations on the five families read like the working notes for five novellas of American life by John Updike—but an Updike who has been matured out of recognition, touched by nightmare. Even so, the five sets of case notes are merely the occasion and excuse for the book. Henry scatters the details of the five families around him and puts them together again into something altogether larger, a remarkable series of essays on the quality of life in America today: essays on *Anger and Quarreling*, on *The Anatomy of Shun*, on the *Discipline of Children*, on the *Compulsion to Murder Pleasure*, on *Learning to Disbelieve and Cover Up*, on *Alienation as Chained Flight*. Henry rises at times to the level of the great masters of the essay form. One piece in particular, about the predicament of present-day youth, does the work of an entire book by Herbert Marcuse. Its conclusion "Sex and truth were once companions in the prison of repression; now sex is freed—to become truth's jailor."

Henry's case against contemporary

JULES HENRY



FAMILY CLASH FROM "WEDNESDAY'S CHILD"



BOOKS

culture has affinities to other recent attacks, for example, those of European intellectuals who combine Freud with Marx and Hegel, like Marcuse or R.D. Laing. Projected broadly, such ideas can generate anger and despair.

Freud at least offered his version of the ancient Socratic hope of self-mastery through self-knowledge: "Where Id is, Ego shall be." But if the demons within are themselves determined by forces without, the Western ideal of the autonomous individual is truly dead. Laing's and Marcuse's writings twitch and shudder with free-floating rage; the only hope for sanity, they argue, is in the reconstruction of the entire society. In this last book, at least, Henry seems to have drawn back from the brink of violent revolution. Instead, he stands again with Freud, not for the revolutionary view of history, but for the tragic view of man. If that is a flaw, it has also a somber majesty. ■ Horace Judson

Out of the Shadows

NOBODY EVER DIED OF OLD AGE

by SHARON CURTIN

228 pages, Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6.95.

"The ideal way to age would be to grow slowly invisible, gradually disappearing, without causing worry or discomfort to the young." So writes Sharon Curtin in understated outrage at the many ways in which contemporary American society tries to shun and shut away its older members.

Author Curtin's anger is no novelty in recent literature, though her descriptions of how old people are often treated can be memorable. Observing the impersonal way in which aloof aides at a California convalescent home bathe their charges, she writes: "They might have been sisters doing dishes. Lift, scrub, rinse, dry, put away. Lift, scrub, rinse, dry, put away." But unlike many writers on the subject, Sharon Curtin, who is 33, refuses to lump all old people into a faceless category as a "problem" susceptible to some mass solution. She does feel that by ignoring individuality, the institutional machinery established to help them destroys their capacity for self-help, which might—properly reinforced by society—allow them to carry on much longer by themselves.

She began pursuing the elderly in all of their individuality five years ago, when her marriage was in ruins and she sought "someplace where a deep, ragged sigh would not sound unusual." She found it in a rundown hotel peopled by pensioners in an unnamed American city. She was both fascinated and appalled by the unfeeling, single-minded pursuit of sheer survival shown by Al and Harry, two panhandlers in their 70s with whom she trudged the streets. They spent their days, she writes with compassion, "scurrying around the city, like chiggers under the skin of civilization."

In a book as spare and as style as poignant in its restraint as many of the lives



SHARON CURTIN

Chiggers under the skin.

she describes, Curtin brings old folks out of the blurred social shadows. She does not love them all. She finds one woman she met in New York City "a real old bitch, hating herself and the world with intensity."

This particular woman slashed with her cane at any child bold enough to bounce a ball on her block. Yet she showed a certain genius as she regularly feigned senility in department stores, knocking down piles of goods in her awkwardness—and slipping items slickly under her clothes in the confusion. Author Curtin also appreciates the defiant spirit of Letty the Bag Lady, who carried all her possessions everywhere in two sacks, terrified that they might otherwise be stolen. Letty knew that "this face of mine pulls and tugs in all different directions like an old sweater sagging." But she scoffed at those who stared. "Stupid bastards, I say, someday you'll be old and ugly and hungry—all of you with your wrinkle creams and diet soda and wigs and paint. Dead before you live, I say."

One of Sharon Curtin's close friends is Miss Emily Larson, a skilled bridge player at 96, who became ill and was placed in a hospital for the old. There she "sundowned"—experienced hallucinations because of strange surroundings. Miss Larson had the sense—and means—to refuse to join other patients in "the parking lot," a drab room in which they were expected to sit mutely in wheelchairs or, as a special treat, were asked to sing childish songs. There was also Charlie, who had stuck his head in his gas oven, and who complained when rescued: "But a man has a right to die; don't he? He don't have to just sit and wait, sit and wait for death?"

Yet much of society treats the aged as an undifferentiated group whose only function is to await death. The author took one feisty woman to pose as a pro-

spective resident of a retirement community. Here, purred the salesman, "you are free from worry. We have a security patrol, 24 hours a day, just looking after your welfare so you can sleep in peace." Replied Mrs. Duffy: "That's exactly what the man said when I bought a plot in the cemetery."

Curtin attacks the whole concept of forced retirement. She tells of a retired furniture salesman, who had wanted all his life to be a carpenter. Finally he had the time, offered to work free as an apprentice to learn the trade, but was told the unions would object, or insurance could not be had to cover the risk at his age; he was even too old to join a trade school carpentry class. Instead, he was directed to a hobby shop where, rather than build furniture, he could learn to burn homilies into pieces of wood.

Sharon Curtin holds out little hope that books such as hers will work great changes in the attitude of the young. She pleads instead with the elderly themselves to "turn their energies toward discovering their common oppression" and to revolt. Essentially, she seeks the same kind of consciousness raising that has propelled the Women's Liberation movements. Yet her clean, unsentimental prose makes a valiant effort to expose and perhaps modify those murderous attitudes toward the aged which she claims kill just as surely as do accidents and disease.

■ Ed Magnuson

Hippogriffs and Zombies

THE AUTOGRAPH HOUND

by JOHN LAHR

239 pages, Knopf, \$7.95.

Read one way, maybe the wrong way, *The Autograph Hound* is a cliché checklist of comic Americana: It's set near Times Square (funny on the face of it, no?), and much of the action passes in an Italian restaurant where the Puerto Rican waiter is tricked out to look like a cowboy. The autograph hound is Benny Walsh, a busboy at a big Broadway restaurant called the Homestead. His girl friend Gloria burbles about cottages for two, aspires to break into show biz, but acts in skin flicks. What Aristotle would call the complication is simplicity itself: Benny, who is about to lose his job, has a chance to put in a fix with the head of his union. For \$350 and a case of Scotch he can get a job in a more fashionable eatery. Should he sell his priceless autographs to buy himself a shot at new celebrities?

Well, all this is not the kind of material that helps the writer up Parnassus. John Lahr is a fine writer and a theater critic of enviable intelligence, however. His laudable aim is merely to provide a bit of fun. Lahr, 31, is best known for his marvelous biography of his father, Bert Lahr. In *The Autograph Hound*, one-liners accumulate. Someone tells Benny that cooking is just like life. "Cooking's not like life," he snaps. "If you get a bad meal, you don't have to eat it." The cor-

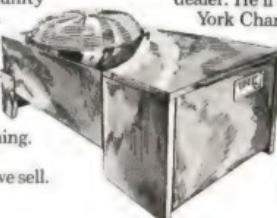


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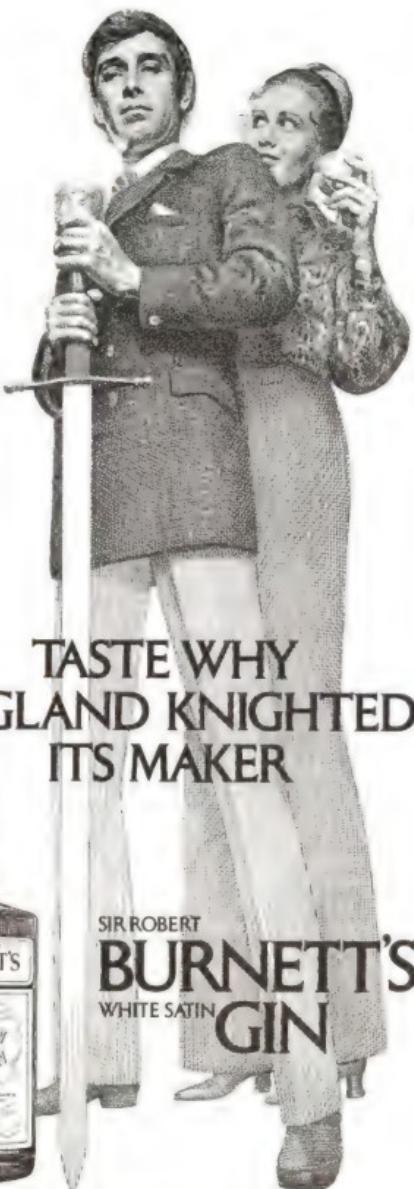
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QUITE REASONABLE, REALLY



BOOKS

rupt union leader is mod. He's written for *Management News* and he "goes very well with his rug." We learn that Otto Preminger's "making the life story of the Pope. It's called *Pope*. They're filming in Spain. Catholics are cheaper there."

Benny's obsession with celebrities and their commonplaces is finally inflated by the author and even charged with a kind of spurious nobility. The question—should Benny sell out?—begins as a joke, a preposterous dilemma. Then Lahr's sympathy for Benny, Lahr's earnestness to lend his characters dignity, beats away the japes, and what began as a joke ends in bloodshed and sadness. Better to have left it laughing.

Lahr looks for America in the extreme situation. Benny sells his body to a hospital; he wanders the great city of America bumping into "weirdos dressed like Indians or Hunters or African Warriors or Buddhist types who look you in the eye and sing to you." Increasingly, American fiction takes for its raw material things unearthly and bizarre. It is as though Nathanael West's *Day of the Locust* has been translated from a metaphor for lunacy into a litmus test of reality.

Not so long ago, freaks had the power to shock and terrify. Now, because they have been too often displayed they are, at best, diversions. As a gathering place for hippocrits and zombies, as the setting for a novel, Times Square is good for horselaughs. But the truth about this country is more conventionally got up, quieter, or more extraordinarily fanatic. ■ Geoffrey Wolff

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—The Odessa File, Forsyth (1 fast week)
- 2—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Bach (2)
- 3—Elephants Can Remember, Christie (4)
- 4—Sem-Tough, Jenkins (3)
- 5—The Sunlight Dialogues, Gardner (6)
- 6—The Persian Boy, Renault (5)
- 7—Snow Fire, Whitney (9)
- 8—Green Darkness, Seton (7)
- 9—August 1914, Solzhenitsyn (10)
- 10—The Camerons, Crichton (8)

NONFICTION

- 1—Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution, Atkins (1)
- 2—The Best and the Brightest, Halberstam (2)
- 3—The Joy of Sex, Comfort (4)
- 4—Harry S. Truman, Truman (3)
- 5—I'm O.K., You're O.K., Harris (5)
- 6—Journey to Ixtlan, Castaneda (7)
- 7—All Creatures Great and Small, Herriot (8)
- 8—Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye, O'Donnell, Powers, McCarthy (6)
- 9—The Manipulated Man, Vilas (10)
- 10—Soldier, Lieut. Colonel Anthony B. Herbert, U.S.A. (ret.) with James F. Wooten

THE SEXES

Battle of Ann Arbor

"You go to coffee with men, you go to meetings with men, but you never spend any time with women. You don't know anything about women! And that's the problem!" Thus an angry law student recently berated University of Michigan President Robben Fleming. Lest Fleming miss the point, a woman representing the "Ad Hoc Committee Concerned That President Fleming Does Not Meet with Women" sat outside the president's office for a week, earnestly recording the sex and other vital statistics of his predominantly male visitors.

The "Fleming Follow" is only one of a score of tactical maneuvers that have been executed by University of Michigan women in their three-year battle against sex discrimination on the Ann Arbor campus. Despite their determined efforts, the U. of M. women seem to be engaged not so much in a war of the sexes as in a slow dance—two steps forward, one step back.

In 1970 Michigan became the first university to have federal funds withheld by HEW on charges of sex discrimination. Threatened with the loss of as much as \$3.5 million, the university reluctantly agreed to an "affirmative action plan." But it has moved slowly in fulfilling its promises to end discrimination, and last month HEW investigators were once again in Ann Arbor demanding answers to charges that the university has still not complied with HEW guidelines. With the university's replies finally in hand, HEW is expected to produce a report on the U. of M. that could affect the status of

women on campuses across the nation.

The report on the "Fleming Follow" is already in, complete with mock-scientific charts detailing who went in the front door and who went in the back. The tally: of 124 visitors only 21 were women. The composite caller? "Male, white, 50-60 years old...dressed in a blue suit...balding...somewhat out of condition...either ignoring the secretaries or flirting with them, exhibiting an air of self-confidence and likely to remove his coat at some point of the meeting." Such lampoonery, explains Pringle Smith, editor of the business school magazine and a member of the *ad hoc* committee, is an unexpected result of continued discrimination. "A lot of bright women are in dull, repetitive jobs here, so they spend their spare time thinking up creative things." Among the things is a framed flower-decked watercolor sign reading TAKE A WOMAN TO LUNCH. It was a gift to Fleming from campus women, and now hangs in his office. The women also persuaded Fleming to attend several of their seminars, including a "role reversal" slide show. In the show, a male student who wanted to become a doctor was told to "go into nursing" because "marriage and fatherhood will probably change you"; a boy who asked, "Why do we study just the history of women? Didn't men do anything?" was answered, "Yes, but they have played mainly a supportive role."

"Touché," said the beleaguered president. "I think he is educable," said Pringle Smith.

Indeed some progress has been made. A women's commission has been established, a "file review" of faculty salaries resulted in raises for more than 100 women, and there is now a grievance committee for nonteaching staff. A new policy of advertising academic openings has helped circumvent



FLEMING FOLLOWER PRINGLE SMITH

He doesn't know anything about women, but he may be educable.



PRESIDENT ROBBEN FLEMING

MOVIE HOUSE IN MOURNING

Tyler's Style

"This nadir of decadence...this feast of carrion and squalor...this Sodom and Gomorrah gone wild before the fire...this is one throat that deserves to be cut." With that, Manhattan Criminal Court Judge Joel Tyler ruled: "I readily perform the operation in finding the defendant guilty as charged."

The defendant was Mature Enterprises Inc., operator of the World, a Manhattan skin-flick theater charged with promoting obscenity by showing the highly publicized *Deep Throat* (TIME, Jan. 15). Tyler's decision may not make legal history—it may well be overturned on appeal to a higher court—but it was certainly noteworthy for its literary style. Although the judge found the film had "no idea worthy of protection," he did feel it to be worth 35 pages of outraged opinion, salted with quotes from Margaret Mead, D.H. Lawrence and Dr. Benjamin Spock, condemning in detail each one of the film's 62 minutes. The film's heroine, he noted, demonstrated a "swordswallow's fascinating faculty for fellatio," and camera angles were "directed toward maximum exposure...during the gymnastics, gyrations, bobbing, trundling, surging, ebb and flowing, eddying, moaning, groaning and sighing, all with ebullience and gusto."

Clearly chosen by the district attorney as a test case, *Deep Throat* has explicit sex scenes that differ little from those in dozens of other hard-core porno films. It is unusual only in its unexpected popularity. The film has grossed an estimated \$1,000,000 at the World since it opened last June, and another \$4,000,000 in 70 other theaters across the country, making it the most successful pornographic film ever shown. In the World's case, however, success may possibly backfire: New York's obscenity law allows a fine to be set up to double the amount gained by the offense.

Meanwhile, the film continues to play before large audiences at theaters elsewhere, and Judge Tyler may find his emphatic "review" enthusiastically quoted in ads.

THE SEXES

the "old-boy net" system of hiring, in which department heads (invariably male) ask other department heads for recommendations. A study by a management consultant firm, commissioned by the administration, found major discrimination against women (70% of those with salaries below the minimum set for their category by the consultant firm were women), and recommended pay increases that would amount to \$350,000, if and when implemented. ("Soon," promises the university.)

Myths. Trouble is, say the women at U. of M., even those innovations are often sidestepped by a recalcitrant administration. Grievance procedures are slow and cumbersome, and women find it extremely difficult to get the necessary data (such as salary figures) to support their cases. Despite promises to do so, the university has granted back pay because of discrimination in only one case. Although the school will make an effort to determine whether some faculty women are still underpaid for their present rank, it still refuses to consider whether they are underranked because of their sex.

The biggest stumbling block, the women contend, is the sometimes unconscious discrimination evident in male attitudes. Now, when they think they find that kind of discrimination, the U. of M. women immediately challenge it. Part-Time Student Claire Jeannette, appointed to the university staff as "women's advocate," was in a classroom when a professor, in speaking of "the face that launched a thousand ships," commented, "Personally, I've never seen a piece of stuff that looked that good." Jeannette objected to the remark and the professor conceded, "You're right, I'm sorry, dear." ("I should have answered, 'Thanks, darling,'" says Jeannette.) When an economics professor said, "Men work overtime because women make them," she demanded documentation, adding: "I suggest that you don't perpetuate myths unless you have the facts to back them up."

The battle has even been carried to the pages of the *University Record*, the official news organ of the university, which recently printed a poem submitted by James Crump Jr. of the Far Eastern Languages department:

*I think that I prefer to see
A chairperson who is womanly
And, if the choice were up to me,
A freshperson who's a comely she*

Replied Meryl Johnson, a female research curator at Michigan's Kelsey Museum:

*Indeed we share
Your appetite for golden hair
And shapely figures slim and trim
And do admire a comely him.
But keep our minds upon our work
And tolerate each shapeless jerk
Outranking us in pay and powers
Who would demand we all be
flowers.*

SCIENCE

The Magician And the Think Tank

Sprawling over 70 acres of Menlo Park, Calif., the Stanford Research Institute is one of America's largest and best-known think tanks. Its staff of 2,600 highly trained specialists solves problems and does research in nearly every field of human endeavor for both Government and private industry. SRI also does highly classified research for the military, and has worked on counterinsurgency programs in Southeast Asia, explosives technology, chemical and bacteriological warfare and anti-ballistic-missile systems. For its ser-

President Charles Anderson, who at first had opposed the project, changed his mind after witnessing demonstrations by Geller.

Later in December, an SRI physicist, Russell Targ, sent a letter to one of the foremost U.S. scientific journals proposing an article on the work of an SRI team engaged in psychic research. Targ said that the subjects with whom he had been working had effected physical changes in laboratory instruments without touching them. Presumably, Targ was referring to such changes as increases in magnetometer readings and the disturbance of electronic systems—all reported to TIME by a team member. The research subjects had also demonstrated remarkable perceptual skills, including telepathy. Working further with these men, Targ suggested, would enable SRI to understand psychical phenomena. Written on SRI stationery, the letter also bore the names of the other members of the investigating team: SRI Physicist Harold Puthoff, Kent State University Physics Professor William Franklin and former Astronaut Edgar Mitchell.

Mitchell, who has retired from the astronaut corps and set up his own foundation to investigate psychic phenomena, eagerly confirmed some of the rumors during an interview last month with TIME. "I can assure you," he said, "that from [Charles] Anderson down, SRI sees Uri Geller as legitimate. They find the results valid and are ready to stand on them." Said President Anderson last week: "Mr. Mitchell does not speak for SRI, and indeed the statement is misleading. Mr. Geller was provided to us as a subject for experimentation. Measurements were made in our laboratories, and the work will stand on its merits."

News of the unusual activity at Menlo Park reached the Department of Defense, and investigators were soon on the scene. One of them was Ray Hyman, a psychology professor from the University of Oregon who is used frequently by DOD as a consultant. Another was George Lawrence, DOD projects manager for the Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA). He was accompanied to SRI by Robert Van de Castle, a University of Virginia psychologist and longtime researcher in parapsychology. Van de Castle decided that Geller was "an interesting subject for further study," but neither Lawrence nor Hyman was impressed. After spending a day with Geller and Physicists Targ and Puthoff, Hyman was, in fact, incredulous.

As Geller demonstrated ESP and psychokinesis (ability to move or bend objects without touching them) to the delight and excitement of Targ and



ABBA EBAN & GELLER
Under a cloud.

vices, SRI last year earned revenues of \$70 million. Last week it became apparent that in addition to its other projects, the institute has been seriously investigating the so-called psychic powers of a questionable nightclub magician.

SRI is not alone in investigating psychic phenomena. Indeed, the persistence and growth of that search in an age of science is testimony to the vitality of the concept. But until psychic researchers produce something more than nebulous evidence, skeptics will continue to scoff.

That is precisely what they did when rumors began to emanate from Menlo Park last December. Two men, it seems, had been demonstrating strange and wondrous powers for SRI researchers. One of the men, a 25-year-old Israeli named Uri Geller, was apparently able to communicate by telepathy, detect and describe objects completely hidden from view, and distort metal implements with his psychic energy. The word among staff members was that SRI



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SCIENCE

Puthoff, Hyman said that he was able to spot the "loopholes and inconclusiveness" of each feat. He also caught Geller in some outright deceptions that Targ and Puthoff apparently did not discern.

In one case, Geller asked Lawrence to think of a number between one and ten and to write it down, as large as possible, on a pad. While Lawrence wrote, Geller made a show of concentrating and covering his eyes with his hands. But Hyman, carefully observing Geller, noticed that the Israeli's open eyes were visible through his fingers. Thus Geller was probably able to see the motion of Lawrence's arm as he wrote, and to correctly identify the number, ten. Knowing how to read arm movements, Hyman notes, is important to every magician.

Later, Geller caused a nearby compass needle to turn about five degrees. Lawrence, noting that Geller had moved his body and vibrated the floor, did the same, causing the needle to deflect even more. Geller, startled, accused Lawrence of using trickery, and Targ insisted on examining the DOD man to see if he had magnets hidden in his clothing. (He did not.) Hyman notes that Targ did not feel that it was necessary to search Geller. Hyman's impressions were admittedly based on observations made on a day when normal testing routine was not in effect. Nevertheless, Hyman wrote in a letter to a friend, SRI's tests of Geller were performed with "incredible sloppiness"; the records from previous days, which Targ and Puthoff offered as proof of Geller's powers, were "the most uncontrolled and poorly recorded data I have ever encountered."

Sensation. SRI continued to study Geller seriously for another three weeks (for a total of six), filming his feats, paying him a \$100-a-day honorarium and providing him with an automobile and all expenses.

After leaving SRI,* Geller volunteered to demonstrate his powers to TIME's editors. Last month he appeared at the Time-Life Building in Manhattan and projected thoughts and images, claimed to read minds and caused a fork to bend—supposedly by using psychic energy. After Geller left, Professional Magician James Randi, who had been present, duplicated each of his feats, explaining that any magician could perform them. The fork bending, said Randi, was accomplished by sleight of hand; after distracting his audience, Geller had simply bent it with his two hands.

SRI claims that it was aware that Geller had "detractors" before he arrived in California. Presumably the California scientists knew that he had been something of a sensation in Israel. In 1970, TIME's Jerusalem Correspondent Marlin Levin reports, Geller began appearing before soldiers' groups, in pri-

*The other psychic, a New York artist named Ing Swann, is still being studied.

vate homes and on the stage, performing his repertory of tricks and claiming to have psychokinetic powers. At first he was widely acclaimed; he came under suspicion when a group of psychologists and computer experts from Hebrew University duplicated all of his feats and called him a fraud. Eventually, Geller left the country in disgrace.

Even so, SRI insists that its researchers were not duped. "Whether the subject be a saint or a sinner," said an SRI spokesman, "has nothing to do with our measurements concerning the so-called psychical awareness of individuals." How objective those measurements were may well become apparent this week at a Columbia University colloquium in Manhattan, where Targ is scheduled to report on his studies and show a film of Geller in action.

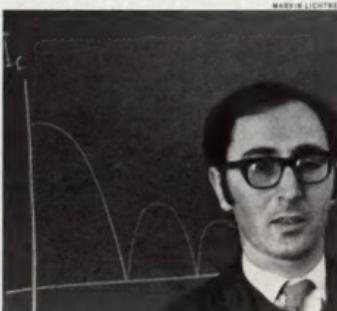
—more than 100 times faster than the fastest transistor used in computers. What is more, IBM's development requires only about one ten-thousandths of the power necessary to run these transistors; it gives off only a tiny fraction of the heat they radiate. And it is transistor heat as much as switching time that limits a computer's skills. For when transistors are packed closer together in order to speed up the flow of signals between them, the risk of overheating is sharply increased.

IBM's switch is based on a phenomenon first predicted in 1962 by a British scientist named Brian Josephson, who was only 22 at the time. While studying superconductivity,* the Cambridge graduate student determined mathematically that pairs of electrons would "tunnel" through material that is normally an electrical insulator if it is thin enough and sandwiched between two superconductors. If the flow of electrons through the insulator were kept below a certain critical value, he found, there would be no difference in voltage from one side of the insulator to the other. (At normal temperatures, an electric current never flows unless there is a voltage differential.) Josephson also predicted that if an external magnetic field were applied to the junction, a voltage drop would appear.

Later verified by experiment, the so-called Josephson effect has been widely used to construct extremely sensitive laboratory measuring devices, including a magnetometer that can detect fluctuations in a magnetic field only one five-billionth as strong as the earth's. But IBM scientists found a more practical use. They knew that they could produce a voltage drop across a Josephson junction by applying a weak magnetic field; generating that field would require only a fraction of the energy required to switch a transistor. Furthermore, the presence or absence of that voltage across a Josephson junction could be used to represent the same "yes" or "no" information conveyed by a transistor.

For competitive reasons, IBM will not reveal the precise chemistry of the lead alloys used in its junctions. In fact, the company is cautiously refraining from predicting when they will be used in practical computers; many design problems must be overcome before computers can be built to operate at superconducting temperatures. Nonetheless, IBM's laboratory triumph and continuing research by the world's largest computer manufacturer suggests that high-speed, supercooled electronic brains are not far in the future.

*The disappearance of electrical resistance in certain materials when they are cooled to within a few degrees of absolute zero (-459.7°F).



JOSEPHSON AT CAMBRIDGE

Supercooled Computers

The essential characteristic of all modern computers is speed. Their prodigious memories can be probed with split-second precision; they can race through reams of complex equations with astonishing agility. Their swift skill is made possible by a battery of relatively simple devices: transistors that can turn an electric current off and on in as little as a billionth of a second.

In effect, those switches speak the "yes-no" binary language of computer technology. Their simple answers can be combined to solve intricate problems. But fast as such combinations can be made, computer speed is often not fast enough. The big machines strain to their limit to handle the demands of space travel; they are also too slow to process in time the vast amount of meteorological data necessary to make the detailed and accurate five-day weather forecasts the U.S. Weather Service would like to achieve.

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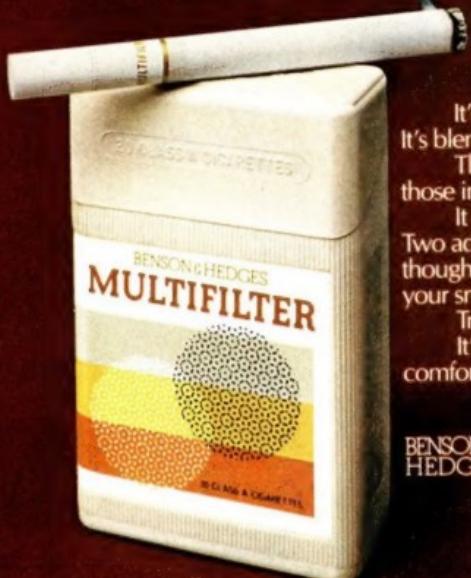


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